tried the other thing, and was not honest for the sake of policy. We are continually reminded of a saying of Norman Macleod—one of Dr. Burns's successors in the Barony—that he wished his theology to be "narrow as the righteousness of God and broad as His love"; and for us the most valuable thing about this book is the way in which it exhibits genuine piety, after flowing in a narrow channel for a while, proving its high source by a world-wide and beneficent expansion. From first to last, Sir George Burns made troops of friends, and kept them. Chalmers, in the early days of his Glasgow work, drew the lad into his intimate fellowship; and in old age the good Earl of Shaftesbury made Wemyss House his home for fourteen summers. The man was hearty all through, and at the age of ninety-two made a long speech in the open air, heard well by thousands, and full of racy humour (pp. 465—467). Many of his good works could not be concealed, but so far as possible he kept his left hand ignorant of the doings of the right. When the baronetcy came in 1889, he received it gratefully, for the sake chiefly of the son who had been his confidant and helper through many years; and for himself thanked God that the distinction had not come sooner, lest it should have injured his spiritual life.

The anecdotes about Sir George's many friends are perhaps too numerous; but those pertaining to Lord Shaftesbury are very good, and give a fresh aspect of his character.

We venture to suggest the issue before long of an abridged and cheap edition, which young men could be fairly expected to read. The book is valuable and entertaining, but there are thousands who should read it, and would, to whom it is not accessible.

THE BIG GAME OF NORTH AMERICA.

The Big Game of North America. Edited by G. O. Shields. London: Sampson Low.

One is very favourably impressed on opening this volume; it is so profusely illustrated with full-page photogravures. And, excusing the occasional brag which seems inseparable from the American character, the accounts of the habits, haunts, and characteristics of the larger sporting animals of the Far West, with details of how, when, and where to hunt them, are as interesting as they are instructive. The editor, well known to Americans as "Coquina," has here put together the contributions of upwards of twenty keen sportsmen, each detailing his own exciting exploits in his favourite hunting field. Not only are the collaborators ardent sportsmen, but they are trained naturalists, and all-round hearty men.

Judge Caton, a leading authority on American sporting life, introduces the writers to the reader with an ultra-grandiloquent gush of adjectives:—"the noble, the pathetic, the conscientious 'Shoshone'; the careful, painstaking 'Roxey Newton'; the eloquent, the enthusiastic, the poetic 'Algonquin'; the eloquent, the beloved 'Boone'; the flowery 'Sillalicum,'" and so forth. Without the bombastic expletives the writers could stand well enough alone; for they are men who have spent weeks and years in the wilderness, sleeping on the trails of the animals they now write of—watching their movements by day, listening to their calls by night, bringing them down with skill and daring, and studying the structure of their dead bodies for the benefit of the naturalist who cannot visit their native haunts. Much in these papers, therefore, will be read with more than ordinary interest and advantage by students of natural history, especially the parts which bear on the mental endowments of the animal, only traceable in life.

Among the most important papers are those on the buffalo in its wild state, and those on the Polar bear and the musk ox, furnished by survivors of the memorable Greely Arctic expedition, who subsisted largely on these animals while battling with icebergs and starvation in the frozen North. Natural regret is deeply expressed at the banishment of the buffalo from the hunting fields. Once the plains were "one vast robe," now this mighty game animal is all but extinct. By multitudinous and not always justifiable slaughter, they have been exterminated by the advance of civilisation. Their bleaching bones have long since been gathered for fertilisers, and the furious rain-storms of the plains are fast obliterating all traces of their old wallows. The Rev. Joshua Cooke is most bitter in his complaint. The very thought of the wanton slaughter of bison, elk, and mountain sheep, makes his blood boil, and his whole better nature revolt in indignation. A mere feline thirst for blood seems to have possessed the pseudo-hunters. The noble animals were killed and left, all to rot as they fell—not even bled or drawn. An Englishman called Jamison is particularly stigmatised among the fell demons of blood. He gloated over the sufferings of the lower animals. One day he had shot a mule doe through the hips, and she lay wallowing on the ground and bleating with fear as the other hunters came up to her. The Englishman stood over her, and laughed aloud to see her fear and her pain. Then he shot her in different parts of the body where it would not kill her, and laughed to see her jump at the shot, and flounder and cry out with new pain. So indignant was Mr. Cooke when he heard about this inhuman act that he wrote: "I am a minister, and have preached the Gospel for forty years; but I felt that, laying Law and Gospel aside—or, rather, carrying both with me—I would have been glad to be one of a company to strip this creature of his arms, pile them and him into a waggon, guard them to the nearest railway station, and start him East, with the assurance that if he showed himself in the mountains again, there would be one hunting season at least in which he would not be fit to shoot game for the crows, nor laugh over the pains he had inflicted over a dying doe." This clerical huntsman has lived to see elk driven from the Mississippi to the most remote and loneliest recesses of the mountains, and only saved in the Yellowstone Park by the United States Army. He confesses, with a feeling of shame, that their game laws are a mere empty form, and their execution a farce.

One of the most entertaining descriptions is the account of a battle between two old bull elks. The challenger, when approaching a band, blows a loud whistle of defiance. This whistle is at once answered by the ruler of the herd, who steps boldly forth to do battle with the intruder. With heads lowered between their forefeet, the two adversaries walk around, waiting for an opening; and when one is thrown off his guard, the other makes a savage rush *à la* Landseer; but his opponent instantly regains, counters the charge, and as they rush together the horns strike each other with such terrific force that the report can be heard for a long distance. A grander sight than these two majestic forest monarchs present cannot be imagined. Like gladiators, they close with each other for the lordship of the herd. Often the horns are broken. The defeated elk turns off, bellowing and pawing the ground, to live a lonely life; the victor, though breathless, is consoled by the anxious does.

Precarious situations on the part of rash hunters are to be expected, as when one has to rush up a tree from the flock of peccary or the band of wolves. The hunting of the fox, the lynx, the antelope, the goat, the cougar, the 'coon, and the alligator, is told in detail with thrilling interest. Judge Caton concludes a most entertaining volume with some practical remarks on the ethics of field sports, and gives this wholesome advice—that sportsmen should maintain the dignity of the craft to which they belong, and should exert all their influence to elevate the standing of that craft, and to preserve our game and fishes. To this we sincerely say, "Amen."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

Our American cousins have produced of late several school and college manuals of quite noteworthy excellence, and amongst the best books of this kind which have yet reached us from the other side of the Atlantic, we are inclined to give a foremost place to "Selections in English Prose from Elizabeth to Victoria." Dr. Garnett, Professor of English Literature in the University of Virginia, has edited the volume with admirable judgment and scholarly care. It is, of course, impossible in such a work to please everybody, but those who are the best qualified to estimate the difficulty of such a task will probably be the first to admit the ability with which it has been accomplished. In spite of two recent books, by Mr. Saintsbury and Mr. Galton, on rather similar lines, there was quite room for the present compilation. Mr. Saintsbury's volume gives at once too much and too little—too many authors and too brief examples of their style; whilst Mr. Galton includes in his selection some writers whose claim to the front rank is open to question. Dr. Garnett is right, we think, in thinking that students, if they are to study English prose literature to advantage, ought to be provided with extracts of sufficient length to enable them to gain a clear idea of the style of each author cited. In the present volume, thirty-three representative men in English literature are brought upon the scene: the list opens with John Lily and closes with Thomas Carlyle. Amongst the other authors from whom examples are gathered, are Sir Philip Sidney, Francis Bacon, Thomas Fuller, John Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Abraham Cowley, John Dryden, Jonathan Swift, Addison, Steele, Defoe, Goldsmith, Johnson, Burke, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Landor, De Quincey, and Macaulay. Brief notes are appended, and their scope is sufficiently indicated when we add that they deal chiefly with explanations of archaic words and obscure allusions.

Upwards of thirty "Myths and Folk-tales of the Russians, Western Slavs, and Magyars" are given by Mr. Curtin, and whilst not a few of them are weird and fantastic, at least two or three are of remarkable beauty. In England the old folk-lore tales and traditions of the people are fast disappearing with the leisured existence and simplicity of character which gave them their tenure of power. There are those who even tell us that in the struggle and stress of modern life, poetry and romance in every shape and form seem likely to go to the wall. Russia still retains, to a large extent, however, its old-world characteristics, and from the lips of the peasantry many quaint legends and strange myths may yet be gathered. There is still much folk-lore in Europe which remains uncollected, and in Russia and Hungary Mr. Curtin has struck a peculiarly rich vein.

Many people must find that useful little book, "The Year's Art," indispensable, and all who take the least interest in the progress of painting, sculpture, and architecture, will find Mr. Huish's well-arranged and reliable compilation of great service. Details concerning art in the capital, the counties, and the colonies, will be found in these pages. The art sales of 1890 are duly recorded, and the legal decisions of the year which affect painters, sculptors, and dealers, are briefly indicated. The book abounds, in fact, in practical information on the constitution, management, work, and membership of the art institutions of the United Kingdom, and that Greater Britain beyond the seas. There is also a useful "directory of artists" as well as portraits of the members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

Amongst reprints, we have just received the Aldine Editions of "The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers" and "The Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Henry Wotton, and other Courtly Poets" who flourished between 1540 and 1650. Both books, we need scarcely add, are provided with critical introductions and scholarly notes. Few people, we imagine, now read the "Pleasures of Memory," and, if we mistake not, Rogers' reputation as a poet will have dwindled to a vanishing point before the middle of next century. He will survive, however, as a wit and as the friend of a group of more distinguished men. As for Raleigh, he seems likely to live in deeds, not words; and when his ponderous "History of the World" is forgotten, and his pretty conceits in verse have slipped into not undeserved oblivion, he will still be remembered as a man of action who played a gallant part in the glorious reign of Good Queen Bess. In each volume there is a portrait, and both are characteristic—Sir Walter looks proud and picturesque, and Rogers puffy and prosaic.

One of the earliest, and also one of the best, popular expositions of the place in literature and morals of the author of "Modern Painters" is unquestionably Mr. Marshall Mather's "John Ruskin—His Life and Teaching." The book is simply a judicious and well-informed estimate of Ruskin's life and teaching, and is intended for the help of young students who are wishful to exchange vague hero-worship of the man for systematic and detailed study of his works. Mr. Mather's volume, when it first appeared, which, if we remember rightly, was some ten or twelve years ago, ran the gauntlet of a good deal of criticism, and he had the good sense not to scorn the advice which was tendered to him by those who dealt with the work in its earlier and cruder shape. We do not know a better manual of its kind. It is luminous, clear, and exact, and free from grandiloquence and rhetoric—the besetting sins of most writers on Ruskin who approach him from the standpoint of admiration.

Under the stupid title of "A Life-Journey from Mannheim to Inkerman," Mr. de Fonblanque gives us the real or imaginary reminiscences of an army-surgeon. The book consists of more or less lively sketches of military life at Woolwich, Gibraltar, and in the Crimea, but where fact ends and fiction begins it is difficult to discover. Some of the papers, Mr. de Fonblanque assures us, are little more than "bare extracts" from the private journal of the mysterious army-surgeon whose name he withholds. Other chapters of the book he confesses to have "worked up" into more or less connected narratives. The work is neither fish, flesh, nor red-herring; we like biography, travel, and fiction, but cannot away with an odd jumble of all three.

Another unsatisfactory book is "Travels in Various Parts of Europe," by Mr. Gilbert Harrison. So far as his descriptions of places are concerned, Mr. Harrison expresses himself with the jerky brevity of a policeman on duty in the streets of London when engaged in directing the steps of a bewildered provincial. Oddly enough, however, the business-like brevity of these allusions is interrupted by casual remarks and confessions of a strictly personal kind which are as amusing as they are unexpected. It is as if the policeman aforesaid should interrupt his "first turn to the right," etc., to inform us that his wife's sister was in delicate health and that he was fond of roast mutton. We learn from the title-page—there is no preface or even a single line of introduction—that what we are to expect is a "short and practical account" of the author's wanderings during the years 1888 to 1890. Turning to the first page, we find ourselves in the north of Portugal "in April"—presumably in April of 1888—and without turning the leaf, we gather the following interesting facts: Mr. Harrison was at Oporto, and determined to make a little excursion first to Braga and then to the frontiers of Spain. He was accompanied by his brother-in-law, who is an invalid and a martyr to indigestion; Mr. Harrison himself runs great risks of falling a victim to the same malady, for he tells us he has a predilection for pork. Braga is notorious for its beggars, and they make the most of their deformities. The Cavado is a fine broad stream, and Valença is the frontier town of Portugal. The travellers put up at a dirty little inn there, and the food was miserable stuff. Jui is the name of the frontier town on the Spanish side, and those who wish to know more about it, and other places, ought to obtain "Winter and Spring in Spain and Portugal," a pamphlet by Mr. Harrison which may be obtained—and here follows name, number, and street of some bookseller we presume in London, E.C. We pass in these pages at a bound from Braga and Valença, to Great Yarmouth and Margate. Then follow laconic deliverances on Dresden and Leipsic, Ambleside and Seascale, Buda Pest and Milan Avignon and Madrid, and the whole is plentifully garnished with flat commonplace and delicious little bits of self-revelation. All this, and "twenty-four illustrations" into the bargain, in a slim volume of less than ninety pages!

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* Selections in English Prose from Elizabeth to Victoria—1580—1880. Chosen and arranged by James M. Garnett, M.A., LL.D. Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co. London: Edward Arnold. Crown 8vo.

Myths and Folk-Tales of the Russians, Western Slavs, and Magyars. By Jeremiah Curtin. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Post 8vo. (10s. 6d.)

The Year's Art, 1891. Compiled by Marcus B. Huish, LL.B., Editor of *The Art Journal*. Illustrated. London: J. S. Virtue & Co. Crown 8vo.

The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers. With a Memoir by Edward Bell, M.A. Portrait. London: George Bell & Sons. Crown 8vo.

The Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh, with those of Sir Henry Wotton and other Courtly Poets from 1540 to 1650. Edited by J. Hannah, D.C.L. Portrait. London: George Bell & Sons. Crown 8vo.

John Ruskin: his Life and Teaching. By J. Marshall Mather. Third Edition. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co.

A Life-Journey from Mannheim to Inkerman. Edited by Edward B. de Fonblanque. London: Ward & Downey. Crown 8vo.

Travels in Various Parts of Europe during the Years 1888, 1889, and 1890. By Gilbert H. W. Harrison. Illustrated. London: Bemrose & Sons. Demy 8vo. (4s. 6d.)

NOTICE.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. BRADLAUGH died yesterday morning after a long illness, during which he has received many marks of attention both from his friends and his political opponents. Dramatic indeed has been the ending of a life the storm and stress period of which was so prolonged and so eventful. We have referred elsewhere to the action taken by the House of Commons on Monday, when in very shame the men who, under a hypocritical pretence of devotion to religion, had so long used MR. BRADLAUGH as a means of attacking the constitutional rights of the electors, and the Liberal Government which was then in power, submitted to the humiliation of having the resolution for which they fought so stoutly expunged from the proceedings of the House. The pity is that they only relented when it was too late for MR. BRADLAUGH to know of their tardy repentance.

LORD HARTINGTON'S speech on Saturday was a very fair statement of the Unionist position at the present moment, but it fell remarkably flat coming so quickly after the Hartlepool election, and it hardly deserves serious attention here. Nor can it be said that MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S outburst of malignant invective at Birmingham on Tuesday will move the Liberal party greatly. MR. CHAMBERLAIN spoke from a Conservative platform, with a Conservative Minister sitting beside him, and Conservatives cheering him to the echo from the body of the hall. His speech was worthy of his surroundings. Once more we were assured that Home Rule was dead—dead as QUEEN ANNE; and in the same breath we were told that it was yet so far alive as to be a bond which must unite the Liberals for ever to MR. PARNELL, and make them for all time his slaves. MR. CHAMBERLAIN knows a great deal about MR. PARNELL—more than most other persons, except perhaps CAPTAIN O'SHEA—but even he did not find that to be once associated with the member for Cork was to be always associated with him. Is it not a little absurd for MR. CHAMBERLAIN, in his desire to hide his own reversion to the Toryism of his youth, to represent the ex-Irish leader as a sort of monster from whom the unhappy Liberal Frankenstein is never again to be free?

"WHAT is the reason that a people with so bountiful a soil, with such enormous resources [as Ireland], lag so far behind the English in the race? Some say that it is to be found in the character of the Celtic race; but I look to France, and I see a Celtic race there going forward in the path of prosperity with most rapid strides—I believe at the present moment more rapidly than England herself. Some people say that it is to be found in the Roman Catholic religion; but I look to Belgium, and there I see a people second to none in Europe except the English for industry, singularly prosperous, considering the small space of country that they occupy, having improved to the utmost the natural resources of that country, but distinguished among all the peoples of Europe for the earnestness and intensity of their Roman Catholic belief. Therefore I cannot say that the cause of the Irish distress is to be found in the Roman Catholic religion. An hon. friend near me says that it arises from the Irish people listening to demagogues. I have as much dislike to demagogues as he has, but when I look to the Northern States of America, I see there people who listen to demagogues, but who undoubtedly have not been wanting in material prosperity. It cannot be demagogues, Romanism, or the Celtic race. What then is it? I am afraid that the one thing which has been peculiar to Ireland has been the Government of England." Would it surprise MR. CHAMBERLAIN, and LORD HARTINGTON, and the other notable persons who are just now trying to awaken religious animosity in Ireland, to know that these words were spoken in the House of Lords in November, 1865, and that the speaker was the present LORD SALISBURY?

SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY is in too great a hurry. It is but a few weeks since he was elected as a member of the Irish Party—not on any special merits of his own, but simply on the recommendation of the leaders of that party. Yet already he is doing what he can to thwart the policy of MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY and the party with which he acts in the House, and is giving rise to the impression that although he is no longer a member of the Carlton Club, he is not above executing small commissions for that august body. His latest performance is a singularly absurd one, if it has been carried out in good faith. He proposes to instruct the Committee on MR. GLADSTONE'S Religious Disabilities Removal Bill to insert a clause "relieving the Sovereign and members of the Royal Family from all religious disabilities." If SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY possesses the amount of intelligence with which he has hitherto been credited, he cannot fail to know that this instruction must injure very seriously the prospects of MR. GLADSTONE'S measure. To most persons it will seem to be a very craftily devised mode of attacking a Bill which is brought forward in the interests of a party SIR JOHN HENNESSY professes to support. Perhaps he will kindly tell us the truth as to his motives.

THE wheels of our legislative machinery have scarcely yet begun to move, but attention may be well directed to the good results of opposition, so far, in the discussion on the Tithe Rent Charge Recovery Bill of the Government. A very good point was scored by MR. EVANS in his first amendment, which was accepted by the Government on the suggestion of SIR HENRY JAMES. As the Bill was originally drafted, it provided, with regard to existing contracts to pay tithe rent charge, that the occupier should owe the owner such sum as the latter had paid on account of that tithe rent charge, "unless it is otherwise agreed between the occupier and the owner of the land." It was pointed out that the effect of leaving these words in might be that the tenant might be obliged to pay precisely the same amount if the tithe were reduced, and their omission is, therefore, cause of congratulation. A very useful amendment was also moved on the subject of costs, having for its object to provide that the costs of ordinary proceedings for the recovery of tithe rent charge under the new system should not exceed those which are required under the existing Acts. A suggestion was made by SIR HENRY JAMES that the Government should bring up a schedule in which the costs should be limited,

and SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH undertook that the subject should be duly considered by the proper authorities, and that the Government would use their influence to keep the costs as low as possible. It is obvious that, unless this point be carefully guarded, the question of costs may be, in the case of small tithe payers, a very serious one.

THE feeling in the House of Commons during the debate yesterday week on the hours of railway servants, was so clearly in favour of the reduction and regulation of hours, that we may fairly hope that something will before long be accomplished in this direction. It was evident that many of the members spoke with a distinct bias in favour of the men who had struck work on the Scotch railways. This makes it all the more lamentable that anything should have been done by the men to drive public sympathy from them. The outrages reported during the past week are inexcusable, and cannot but injure the cause of the strikers. The collapse of the strike, which was announced yesterday morning, may not be due to these proceedings, but it has probably been hastened by them. The victory of the Companies has, however, been dearly bought, and even when won amounts to but little.

THE friends of National Education are beginning to move in connection with the proposal of the Government to "assist" or free the schools of England. They have not been hasty in taking action in the matter. There is every reason to believe that the object of the Government will be to afford facilities to the Church to carry on schools at the public cost without any public voice in their management. The Wesleyans, we are glad to see, have taken the field against any scheme of this sort, and the National Education Association, which has met during the week under the presidency of MR. LYULPH STANLEY, is also preparing to act. We must, of course, wait for the revelation of the details of the Government plan, before deciding that it must necessarily be a bad one; but it is well that public attention should be called to the dangers which lie ahead of our national education, and that those who do not wish the public funds to be administered without some kind of public control, should prepare for action.

WE cannot of course expect that common justice should be shown towards GENERAL BOOTH by the whole herd of philosophers, clergymen, and social adventurers, who for some unknown reason persist in looking upon him as an intruder into those realms of philanthropic effort of which they seek to possess a monopoly. Still less, then, can we expect that any mercy will be shown towards him when he makes a mistake. It is clear that he did make a mistake in his statement of the number of homeless men who were to be found one night during the late severe weather upon one of the London bridges. The blunder is to be regretted, and we can only hope that it will not occur again. But because GENERAL BOOTH took a single statement made to him by one of his agents, on a minor point, and repeated it without having in the first place ascertained its accuracy, he is hardly to be accounted as one who is deliberately seeking to deceive the public in order to serve his own personal ends. Yet this seems to be the light in which he is now regarded by his enemies.

THE rumour which has been circulating in the City so long that the Chancellor of the Exchequer contemplated the issuing of one-pound notes turns out to be true. At Leeds on Wednesday evening he announced that in communication with the authorities of the Bank of England he is preparing a plan for such issue. The object, of course, is to increase the cash reserves of the country. At present, as he justly said, the banking reserves are so inadequate that every now and then they expose the public to the most serious danger. If a large amount of one-pound notes were issued, they would displace an equal amount of sovereigns now in circulation, and drive them into the Bank of England. But if that were all, the increase so made to the Bank's reserve would lower rates of interest and discount, and lead to the export of the gold, so that we should be worse off than ever. To guard against this the Chancellor of the Exchequer apparently intends to require the joint-stock and private banks to keep reserves. At present they do not do so, relying upon the Bank of England to come to their assistance in case of emergency, which is unjust to the Bank in the first place, and in the second place is costly to the State, which in the final result has to support the Bank. But the State is only another name for the general body of taxpayers. MR. GOSCHEN seems also to have in view a further safeguard which he does not explain clearly. He speaks of keeping the gold displaced from the circulation by the one-pound notes as a second reserve to be used only in an emergency. But how he is to secure this is not clear, and until this part of his scheme is fully explained, it is impossible to pass an intelligent judgment upon his proposals.

THE Directors of the Bank of England, on Thursday, reduced their rate of discount from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent. Two days previously, the Bank of the Netherlands lowered its rate from 4 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Apparently the Bank of England is powerless to stop the fall in the value of money. On Tuesday, three months' Treasury bills were taken at less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and on Wednesday, bill-brokers were freely discounting three months' bank bills at $1\frac{5}{8}$ per cent. The Bank is helpless, partly because of the immense amount of unemployed money which is held by the joint-stock and private banks, in consequence of the crisis through which we have passed. Besides, the collection of the revenue is to some extent neutralised by the payments the Bank of England has to make in meeting MESSRS. BARING BROTHERS' acceptances. Unfortunately, the low rates of interest and discount are leading to considerable shipments of gold. In the week ended Wednesday night, about £350,000 was withdrawn from the Bank, and the withdrawals are likely to continue. The price of silver has recovered slightly to $47\frac{3}{4}$d. per ounce, as it is now thought the Silver Bill will not pass, but there is very little demand. Silver securities remained fairly steady.

BUSINESS in the Stock Markets is very quiet, speculation being almost stopped. There is a fair amount of investment, however, though it is limited to the very best classes of home and colonial securities. There is a good demand for the ordinary stocks of British railways. At the Fortnightly Settlement this week Stock Exchange borrowers obtained all the money they wanted at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and within the House carrying-over rates were exceedingly light. There was a scarcity of home railway stocks and of several foreign stocks, and there was a very small account shown to be open in American railroad securities. Owing to the lightness of rates and to the hope that the Silver Bill will be defeated, there has been a general recovery in the prices of American securities, but there is very little increase in business. The most active department is that for South African gold shares, in which apparently we are about to witness another active speculation. In New York business is nearly as limited as at home. In Berlin the slow liquidation of bad business goes on, and even in Paris, although operators appear to be still confident, there is less doing.

WHAT MR. PARNELL CAN DO.

WE publish on another page a letter from an Irish correspondent which deserves the attention of English politicians. It sets forth in brief the complaint of those Irishmen who, having resolved to cling to Mr. Parnell in the present struggle, are filled with indignation against English Liberals because they have taken a different course. Our correspondent puts forward the demand that Irishmen should be allowed the right to choose their own leader. It is a demand which Lord Hartington, in his speech last Saturday, emphatically supported, thus affording proof of the fact that for once he could take the Irish view of an Irish question. But it seems to us that no one in England has disputed the right of Irishmen to take their own line in this particular matter.

We believe, indeed, that if Ireland had resolved that Mr. Parnell and no one else should continue to lead it in its struggle for Home Rule, the Home Rule cause would have been fatally injured; but even in that case no Englishman would have been entitled to deny the right of Ireland to its own opinion. So far, therefore, we are in entire agreement with our correspondent. But as a matter of fact English Liberals are entitled to say that Ireland has made its choice, and that the choice has not fallen upon Mr. Parnell.

Our correspondent declares, indeed, that this is a mistake, and he ridicules the idea that Ireland has repudiated its old leader. Yet, how can Englishmen come to any other conclusion when they see that Mr. Parnell has been deposed by a large majority of the Irish members, that he has been repudiated almost unanimously by the Irish bishops and priests, and that at the one election which has taken place in Ireland since the trial of the O'Shea divorce case, he has been most decisively defeated? Englishmen can only judge of the real opinion of Irishmen by their own actions, and these actions certainly seem to show that the majority of Mr. Parnell's former followers have now cast him off.

So much for the question of the right of Irishmen to choose their own leader. It is a question which we are entitled to say does not arise in the present case, seeing that the Irish people have exercised their right, and come to a decision which accords with English feeling. But our correspondent goes a little further. He is evidently puzzled to understand why any English newspaper professing to be friendly to the Home Rule cause should have spoken with anger and bitterness of the course pursued by Mr. Parnell. Surely if he were to peruse the speeches and letters of Mr. Parnell since the struggle in Committee Room No. 15, he would find an ample explanation of that which now puzzles him. It is unnecessary, however, to review those speeches in detail. All that need be done is to refer to Mr. Parnell's latest utterance in Ireland, his speech at Waterford last Sunday. We shall not stoop to discuss the insolent references which the ex-Irish leader made to Mr. Gladstone, but we have a right to ask our Irish correspondent whether he really believes that these flagrant insults are calculated to inspire any Liberal with a renewed feeling of confidence in the man who uttered them. It is not Mr. Parnell's violence and indecency of language, however, that is the gravest obstacle in the way of his resumption of the Home Rule leadership. That which makes it impossible that English Liberals should ever again repose confidence in him, or should ever work cordially with him for a common end, is the manner in which he has broken faith with their leaders in the course of the present struggle. Five years ago we had every reason to believe that Mr. Parnell, as the representative of the Irish people, accepted with satisfaction the scheme for the settlement of Home Rule which had been propounded by Mr. Gladstone. He himself had again and again declared that this scheme was one not only acceptable to himself, but acceptable to the people of Ireland. These professions he continued to make down to the moment when his personal position towards his party was imperilled, not through the action of any Englishman, but by the exposure of his own misconduct which was made in the Divorce Court. English Liberals, on the other hand, had agreed to Mr. Gladstone's scheme, not merely because they believed it to be founded upon justice, but because they felt confidence in Mr. Parnell's reiterated statements that it would satisfy Ireland. Upon this point there has never been any misunderstanding among those who were anxious to give a fair consideration to the Liberal policy towards Ireland. Again and again has it been asserted that the Home Rule proposals of 1886 were supported by Liberals because we had every reason to believe that they were accepted in Ireland. But now, under the stress of a personal difficulty created by himself, Mr. Parnell has not only repudiated his former acceptance of Mr. Gladstone's proposals, bluntly declaring that he never meant what he said on this subject, but has entered upon a mission of calumny and hatred in Ireland for the purpose of inducing the Irish people to join him in this repudiation. In every speech which he has made since the Kilkenny election, he has advanced some new demand, and though he has shown something of his old caution in the wording of these demands, it has been impossible to shut our eyes to their real spirit and meaning. In plain language, we must charge him with having done his utmost to make the Liberal acceptance of Home Rule, as it is now set forth by himself, impossible, whilst at the same time he has sought to poison the minds of his fellow-countrymen against the party which has suffered so much and laboured so zealously on their behalf.

Surely our correspondent and those Irishmen who think with him will not attempt to dispute this plain statement of facts. Can they then suppose that it would be possible for the English Liberals to enter into fresh combinations with a man who has already betrayed their confidence so grossly? Does Mr. Webb really imagine that if Mr. Gladstone were again to approach the House of Commons with a Home Rule scheme, and were to commend it to the acceptance of his followers by the plea that Mr. Parnell had expressed his satisfaction with it, he would have the faintest chance of securing their support? If this Irish question is to be settled by mutual agreement between the peoples of the two countries, there must be mutual confidence between the negotiators on both sides. That, however, is impossible so long as Mr. Parnell puts himself forward as the man who is to negotiate in the name of Ireland. This is not, as our correspondent seems to suppose, an Irish question. The Liberals of Great Britain have made and are prepared to make great efforts in order to put an end to that hateful system of government by Coercion which they finally abandoned in 1886; but they are not prepared to commit themselves, and the destinies of the cause which they represent, to a man whom it is impossible to trust, and who is even now conducting a campaign of abuse against them. Their adhesion to Home Rule was founded upon a real desire to bring about the pacification of Ireland; but the pacification of Ireland was never meant, even by the most enthusiastic of English Home Rulers, to be accomplished at the expense of the independence of England. That is a calumny which has hitherto

only been found current in the newspapers of the Ministry, and it is strange indeed to see that it seems to have found acceptance among Irish Parnellites. Nor need Mr. Parnell and his followers flatter themselves, as they appear to do, with the idea that they can compel the Liberals of Great Britain to accept their orders. The Member for Cork, in his insolent speech last Sunday, openly threatened the Liberal party with continued exclusion from office as the penalty of his own wrongdoing. As a matter of fact the Liberal party can afford to treat these threats with disdain. Exclusion from office would be a small evil in comparison with the attainment of office at the expense of honour and independence. The Liberal party in Great Britain has its own work to do; one part of that work is, and we trust always will be, the maintenance of a policy of justice and good-will towards Ireland; but there are other tasks to which it is committed no less deeply, and to which it could well afford to turn its attention, if, through the perversity of others, the early settlement of the Irish question became impossible. Lord Hartington, joining his voice to that of Mr. Chamberlain, and of the other orators great and small of the Coercionist party who have spoken of late, insists once more that Home Rule, if not already dead, is at all events under sentence of death. The statement is one which has already been refuted with sufficient emphasis; but, untrue as it is, it contains one grain of truth. Though Home Rule is not dead, it may yet be killed. There is only one man who can slay it, and he unhappily is the very man who, having long been the foremost hope of that great cause, seems now absolutely bent upon destroying it.

JUDGE-MADE LAW.

WE congratulate the Liberal party on its excellent sense in ranging itself definitely on the side of the working man's right of free combination, as it is forwarded by Mr. Robertson's proposal to amend the law of conspiracy. It is perfectly true, as the *Standard* remarks, that if Mr. Robertson's Bill had been carried, the whole doctrine of conspiracy at common law would have gone by the board. That is precisely what we want to see. Until it happens, the legalisation of the labour partnerships of the worker will be incomplete and will be often in abeyance, and, with certain judges, there will be no appeal whatever against the weapons which the law of conspiracy puts in their hands, and which their colleagues in Ireland are able to wield against the whole force of popular opinion and a truly national organisation. Of course, it is neither the desire nor the interest of the Conservative party that such a change as Mr. Robertson proposes should take effect. They prefer the delicious vagueness of the law as it stands—a vagueness which opens golden prospects to the legal eyes of Mr. Darling. There is no weapon of tyranny so potent as that of vague law, whose interpretation leaves a wide discretion in the hands of the judge. Mr. Robertson wishes to curtail these discretionary powers in two notable particulars. He proposes to apply the protection afforded under the Conspiracy Act of 1875 to agreements or combinations, whether in furtherance of a trade dispute or no, with certain necessary exceptions. This would bring the movement of the Irish tenant-farmers into line with trade unionism. At present, though it is lawful for one tenant-farmer to ask for an abatement of his rent, the administration of the law in Ireland has made it abundantly evident that two or more farmers may be laid by the heels for seeking any such terms or advising their neighbours to seek them. Mr. Robertson properly placed the concerted act on the same legal level as the individual one, and asked the House to assent to the simple proposition that a combination should not be criminal unless it had a criminal intent. Secondly, Mr. Robertson proposed to make intimidation mean such an act, and such an act only, as would justify a magistrate in binding the offender over to keep the peace. The general aim and scope of his measure was to endeavour to bring the whole law of conspiracy under the control of Parliament by statute, in place of leaving it, as now, at the mercy of an individual interpreter on the Bench.

It is needless to emphasise the necessity for such a change. It is in direct harmony with the recommendation of the Criminal Code Bill Commissioners, and bears the classic stamp of Mr. Justice Stephen's approval. The evil of the present system is so patent that it is hardly an exaggeration to describe it as a perversion of the whole principle of English law in deference to the interests of a class. It is an old saying that in France you may do what the law allows you, in England whatever it does not prohibit you from doing. But in regard to the law of conspiracy, it is the hardest thing in the world to discover precisely what it regards as lawful and unlawful. Take the question of trade disputes. "A conspiracy in restraint of trade," Sir James Stephen informs us, "is an agreement between two or more persons to do, or procure to be done, any unlawful act in restraint of trade." What is the measure of unlawfulness? That is precisely what the judge has to determine. And he may determine it on the widest of all grounds, that of "public policy," and public policy, as Lord Campbell has reminded us, is a horse that may carry his rider further than he means to go. What is worse, the Judge's views of "public policy" may be consistent, as were those of the Master of the Rolls, with the most savage and vindictive sentences on strikers, and in carrying them out he will have no surer light to guide him than the flickering and uncertain gleams of precedent. What could be more dangerous than such a rule as this, under which the Digest of Criminal Law sums up "undefined misdemeanours"? "Acts deemed to be injurious to the public have in some instances been held to be misdemeanours, because it appeared to the Court before which they were tried that there was an analogy between such acts and other acts, which had been held to be misdemeanours, *although such first-mentioned acts were not forbidden by any express law*, and though no precedent exactly applied to them. This has been done especially in the case of agreements between more persons than one, which the judges regarded as injurious to the public, in which case such acts have been held to amount to the offence of conspiracy." Obviously, here, the only measure of law is, as the old legal gibe goes, just "the length of the chancellor's boot."

The danger of leaving these vast powers in the hands of judges, say, of the social opinions of Mr. Justice Grantham, is sufficiently obvious in times of excitement such as the present, when a judge may deem it to be his mission to put down the New Unionism, or to treat the strike which we have witnessed in Scotland as an act contrary to the public interest, in restraint of trade, and injurious to the whole principle of private property. That judges are already assuming these powers is obvious from the judgment in the Treleaven case. Here was a plain instance of the desire of the worker to raise the standard wage for his trade by

pressing the whole body of workers into his Union. The desire is common to trade unionism, new or old, and exists in the greatest force in some of the elder combinations, like the London Society of Compositors, which would not tolerate the introduction of "blackleg" labour in a Unionist house. But in Mr. Treleaven's case the Trade Union leaders were careful to emphasise the point that all they desired the Unionists to do was not to work with the non-Unionists. "Inasmuch," ran their manifesto, "as Mr. Treleaven still insists upon employing non-Union men, we, your officials, call upon all Union men to leave their work, use no violence, use no immoderate language, but quietly cease to work and go home." Obviously, there was no intimidation here of the kind provided against by the Act of 1875, which would be in no way affected by Mr. Robertson's Bill. It was an attempt to regulate wages in the sense that the law of 1871 clearly allows, by confining the trade to Unionist workers. Mr. Bompas, however, held that the law had been broken. It is impossible to say on what grounds he did so, save on general considerations of public policy. Of this kind of judge-made law we have had more than enough. Mr. Darling seemed to imagine that the Liberal party desired to amend the law of conspiracy because it was itself engaged in a plot to promote whistling in church. In reality, it had in view the great public end of giving the combined workers the definite protection of Statute law. Judges, by their social surroundings, their political traditions, the very stamp and cast of their office, are the last persons in the world who can safely be entrusted with the practically uncontrolled supervision of the working man's right of collective bargaining with his employer. A century has passed since Fox took from them similar rights in regard to the law of libel, which they had grossly abused. It is quite time to apply the same healthy rule to the Law of Conspiracy, and to place a vital popular right under the vigilant eyes of the people's representatives.

MR. BRADLAUGH.

IT is not often that the House of Commons confesses a grievous error, and makes public atonement. Blunders are common enough in the course of our party government, but when they are repaired the business is usually done without ostentation, on the useful principle that the less said the better. It is not pleasant for the Legislature to admit that it once made a fool of itself, and inflicted gross injustice, in the name not simply of public interest but of religion, and, more specifically, of the Decalogue. The Commandments are frequently in the mouths of certain politicians now. We are constantly told that the policy of the Liberal party is a violation of these divine injunctions. Lord Salisbury is fond of appealing to the Decalogue, when he is not using the language of the betting ring. It was quite in keeping with this spirit that Mr. de Lisle protested on behalf of the Commandments against the abolition of the oath. He could not understand why his party should cease to put their money, as the Prime Minister would say, on a sacred mandate when it did not promise any success in the division lobby. The Decalogue is employed as a party weapon now, just as it was when the Bradlaugh controversy was in full blast. The only difference is that the Tories have discovered that, so far as Mr. Bradlaugh is concerned, the resources of bigotry which were turned to account to embarrass Mr. Gladstone's Ministry are of no further service. That, in brief, is the meaning of Tuesday's unanimous vote. Had Mr. Bradlaugh's position offered the smallest chance of renewing the miserable cry about atheism, not a man on the Treasury Bench would have hesitated to seize it. Undoubtedly Mr. Bradlaugh's public services have awakened in many of his opponents a sense of fair play. Sir Walter Barttelot's speech was sufficient testimony to that. But this excellent sentiment did not prevent the Government from issuing a whip against Mr. Hunter's motion to rescind the resolution which declared Mr. Bradlaugh incapable of taking the oath or making an affirmation, and which remained on the journals of the House for more than ten years as a monumental record of bigoted folly. Sir Edward Clarke was put up to make an uncompromising speech in the subtlest Old Bailey style, and only the manifest repugnance of practical men behind them to this grotesque clutching at the shadow, long after the substance had been yielded, prevented Ministers from going into the lobby to reaffirm the partisan prejudice which disgraced them ten years ago.

It is easy, no doubt, to treat this episode as an illustration of that enlightenment which shines in the course of time even in the darkest places. It may be allowed that the Tories were for the moment abashed to remember the calumnies they used to heap on Mr. Bradlaugh, and that this feeling was deepened into something like sympathy with the man who was lying even then at the point of death. It may even have occurred to some of them that the illness which had prostrated him might be the outcome in some measure of the needless hardships they once forced upon him, and of the strain of a struggle with what fell little short of brutality. But it is impossible to read Sir Edward Clarke's speech without feeling that it disguised very thinly the true Tory resentment at Mr. Bradlaugh's victory. It would have cost the Solicitor-General small effort to pass from the wretchedly feeble pretext that the precedent of Wilkes had no force because the resolution which excluded him from Parliament was expunged in a very small House, to the old blatant refusal to recognise Mr. Bradlaugh's right to sit at all. That amiable spirit is still untamed, and when a suitable occasion can be found, it will not lack a Tory lawyer to swear that it is prompted by divine instincts. If anyone thinks this harsh, the answer is that the story of Mr. Bradlaugh's fight for the principles of liberty cannot be forgotten because Mr. W. H. Smith was driven by necessity to slip through the door which Mr. Gladstone condescended to open. Mr. Bradlaugh's election for Northampton in 1880 offered the Tories the first opportunity of revenge for their disastrous defeat at the polls. Some persuaded themselves, no doubt, that they were actuated by high religious motives. Mr. Newdegate, it can easily be credited, was as sincere in his belief that Mr. Bradlaugh's entrance into Parliament would provoke a judgment from Heaven, as he was in supposing that Mr. Gladstone was a Jesuit in disguise. But Lord Randolph Churchill, and Sir Henry Wolff, and the party men who threw themselves into this battle simply to create difficulties for the Liberal Government, and who did not hesitate to use the social and religious prejudices excited by Mr. Bradlaugh's previous career in order to blacken Mr. Gladstone, had no excuse of credulity or genuine zeal. Nothing more discreditable than the history of Mr. Bradlaugh's repeated expulsions from the House—the last of them accompanied by every circumstance of personal indignity—is to be found in our Parliamentary annals. In and out of Parliament he was pursued with relentless malevolence. Most men would have

been utterly broken by such an unequal conflict. He was sustained by his indomitable courage, and delivered at last by the happy accident that Mr. Peel, when the new Parliament met in 1886, showed a higher sense of his duty than his predecessor by peremptorily suppressing all attempts to prevent Mr. Bradlaugh from taking the oath. But for that exercise of dignity and firmness, the Tory party might have renewed the disgraceful scenes which they mention now with a pale historic interest, as if these things belonged to some remote century.

Time has done justice to Mr. Bradlaugh, whose death is to-day universally regretted. He had not been long in Parliament before his excellent qualities were apparent even to bitter foes. He showed that he was no aggressive demagogue. He spoke rarely, and always with knowledge. Men who had held him up to odium as a blasphemer learned to listen to him with respect and even with profit. They found that he was a practical, clear-headed man, with admirable ideas about certain matters of public interest, with no obtrusive egotism, and no axe to grind. It is possible that in proportion as Mr. Bradlaugh grew as a Parliamentary power, he declined as a popular leader. But his reputation for integrity, force, and common-sense, has steadily increased both in and out of the House of Commons. Ministers have acquired the habit of consulting him. He taught the President of the Board of Trade more about labour statistics in a week than that official had ever learned in the whole of his career. On some questions of finance Mr. Bradlaugh has long been an authority. His patient and skilful campaigns against the system of perpetual pensions have borne fruit in a useful, if partial, reform. But he has never allowed any precious balms from the Treasury Bench to weaken his independence. He fought the faction of prejudice with dogged intrepidity for years, and he has not sacrificed his self-respect in return for their belated courtesies. In a word, Mr. Bradlaugh has displayed the qualities of a vigilant and capable public servant, who is all the more to be respected because he has had no fee or reward, no prospect of office, and has discharged his duties in Parliament with unvarying fidelity, even when his means of livelihood might have summoned him elsewhere. To such a man it cannot be said that the reparation Parliament has made is excessive. But it is satisfactory to reflect that this has been done at the instance of the statesman who upheld Mr. Bradlaugh when a great principle was obscured by an obnoxious personality, and who may yet live to see an even greater principle triumph over an even greater obstacle.

THE BRAZILIAN CRISIS.

THE fall of the late Brazilian Cabinet has somewhat relieved the apprehensions aroused in the City by the policy it had pursued since the revolution. Those who are best acquainted with the country assert that the charges made against Marshal Fonseca are grossly exaggerated, being largely inspired by political animosity. Yet even those who take the most favourable view of his conduct do not deny that he is too amenable to the influence of private and party friends, and that he has under their pressure done much that cannot be defended. The man, however, who appears to have done the most mischief since the revolution is Señor Ruy Barbosa, the late Finance Minister. Instead of being warned by the example of the Argentine Republic, he seems to have had an ambition to rival the most foolish acts of the Celman Administration. He granted concessions to a great number of new banks, giving to them the right to issue notes; every now and then, too, he amended the regulations regarding banking; he authorised the amalgamation of existing banks, and at the same time he granted charters to other new ones. The result finally was that in about fifteen months he authorised the note circulation to be very nearly doubled. Of course not all the banks which got concessions have been actually started, and of course also those which have come into existence have not yet exercised the full rights conceded to them. But all the same, the fear that the note circulation would be so greatly increased has caused the notes greatly to depreciate, and has excited much alarm, especially in Europe. Fortunately investors in this country are not much interested in these new institutions. On the Continent, however, and especially in Paris, syndicates of banks were formed not only to found new issuing banks in Brazil, but to take part also in other industrial enterprises. The revolution checked the movement on the Continent, and most of the capital, therefore, for the new banks has had to be found at home.

The probability is that the capital will not be forthcoming. If it be true that the new Finance Minister feels that his predecessor had grievously erred, and is inclined, if the opportunity offers, to withdraw many of the concessions, and, in any case, not to grant new ones, the downward course upon which Brazil has entered may be checked. Otherwise, it is much to be feared that there will be a repetition of what has happened in the Argentine Republic. Already the Brazilian exchange upon London, which just before the revolution was 27 pence, has fallen to 19 pence, a fall of nearly 30 per cent. Some of the depreciation, perhaps, is due to a bad coffee crop, but a large part of it is the result of the bad financial policy.

At the same time the late Finance Minister has induced his Government to grant guarantees to railway and other industrial companies in a most reckless manner. According to a Brazilian paper of high standing, new railways to the extent of 21,000 kilomètres have been authorised by the Provisional Government, and capital amounting to about £63,000,000 sterling has been guaranteed six per cent. per annum. Other industrial companies have received guarantees amounting to about £540,000 per annum. If we add to these sums the guarantees given under the Empire, the total annual amount guaranteed by the Brazilian Government would exceed £5,000,000 sterling. But in regard to these undertakings also, if capital cannot be raised in Europe it is extremely unlikely that so immense a sum as £63,000,000 sterling can be obtained at home. Still, the fact that the late Finance Minister so recklessly pledged the credit of the Government for industrial enterprises of all kinds, has excited much apprehension, and if the new Cabinet is better advised it will be able to cancel many of the guarantees.

That it is absolutely necessary to do this will be understood when we say that Señor Barbosa admitted in December, in the Constituent Assembly, that in 1888 the revenue of Brazil amounted to no more than £15,000,000 sterling, while the expenditure was about £17,500,000 sterling, so that in that year there was a deficit of about £2,500,000 sterling. He added that since the revolution the expenditure has risen to about £20,000,000 sterling, and that, therefore, the deficit now is about £5,000,000 sterling. Many of his critics, indeed, contend that the deficit is very much more, and the Finance Minister himself has admitted that only two of the States are able to pay their way without subventions from the Central Government.

Nor does there seem much probability that the expenditure can be much reduced. The several States are to have executives and legislatures of their own, and their expenditure consequently will be very much larger than under the Empire; the Provisional Government, to keep the army in good humour, has been obliged to raise the pay very much, and seemingly it would be dangerous to reduce it again; and the guarantees that have been granted so lavishly must of course be paid, where the companies to which they have been given carry out their contracts. As yet no Budget has been presented to Congress. The late Finance Minister argued that it had no competence in such matters, as it was called together to frame a Constitution. It remains to be seen whether his successor will be able to increase the taxation sufficiently to meet all the new charges, and whether the taxes can be collected without provoking disturbance. If the new Minister is firm in refusing new guarantees, in cancelling old ones where a fair opportunity offers, and in enforcing economy in every possible direction, he may succeed in undoing the mischief done by his predecessor, and thereby, after a while, may restore the credit of the country. But if he yields to the pressure that is sure to be brought to bear upon him, and continues the unwise policy of the late Cabinet, a serious crisis is inevitable. In any event it is difficult to see how injury can be prevented from over issues of inconvertible paper by the banks that have been unwisely started during the past fifteen months.

Not less disquieting than the financial disorder is the temper of the soldiery. The Rio papers week after week are full of complaints, not only of the conduct of the men, but also of the officers. Apparently Congress has been powerful enough to compel the old ministry to resign, and it may be able to enforce discipline in the army. That will depend greatly, no doubt, upon the real character of Marshal Fonseca. If he is aiming at a dictatorship, he will very soon let the army understand that he does not intend to respect the votes of Congress, and another military movement will be the consequence. His attitude in this matter will largely determine whether any of the States will secede or not. It is obvious that military ascendency would be fatal to State rights; and consequently, if the army is not brought under better discipline, an attempt at secession is very likely.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE privileges of the Bank of France expire in 1897; and a Bill renewing them, under certain conditions, till 1920, was brought in by M. Rouvier last Saturday, and referred to a Special Committee. Substantially, it may be said the Bank is to issue more notes, and to pay more, directly and indirectly, for the privilege. Both the period of enjoyment and the time allowed for consideration of its conditions are considerably shorter than at the last renewal in 1857. Certainly, however, the Bank has the strongest claims to liberal treatment—if only, as the *Journal des Débats* points out, because it has been by far the most stable of French institutions. It has passed through two revolutions, the Franco-German invasion, and the Commune, only to emerge stronger than ever; and it has just now had the good fortune to save society from a financial crisis of probably unexampled magnitude. "Safe as the Bank of England" is a proverb, but—theoretically, at least (as Bagehot used to point out)—the Bank of France is safer.

The timid and ignoble *bourgeoisie* of Paris are again betrayed by their professed defenders, and ready for a new Saviour of Society. They want to go and see *Thermidor*, and the Government has suppressed it, in deference to a handful of revolutionary agitators. This is M. Blowitz's view of the situation; while, before these lines are published, M. Joseph Reinach and M. Fouquier propose to address an interpellation to the Government on the subject in the interest of the freedom of dramatic art and the outraged dignity of the censorship.

Why *Thermidor* should excite so much feeling is not very clear. The stage has always been anti-democratic, from Aristophanes downwards; and the politics of Stage-land—at least, since his days—have usually descended to a lower depth of unreality—not to say, imbecility—than even its jurisprudence or its finance. M. Rochefort's objection, which has at least the merit of ingenuity, is that the hero saves Josephine de Beauharnais, who afterwards married Napoleon I. Hence he is responsible for the *coup d'état* and the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. M. Camille Pelletan's objections in *La Justice* may be roughly summarised thus:—In one way or another all the actors in the Revolution were heroes and patriots, though they made regretable mistakes now and then. But M. Sardou—who (to compress M. Pelletan's invective) is a mercenary fraud and an illiterate stage-carpenter, and bears the same relation to the true dramatist as the manufacturer of a quack medicine does to the medical profession—thinks fit to draw invidious distinctions between them in order to pay fulsome compliments to the grandfather of the President of the Republic. Others, again, treat the piece as insulting to M. Carnot through its reference to the connection of his illustrious ancestor with the Committee of Public Safety. The simple fact, however, is, that the representation produces rioting, and that it is easier to stop it than to strengthen the police. And the objectors have at least this much cause of complaint—that the piece is played at a subsidised theatre. But obviously M. Sardou is not greatly injured. For the foreign market, such an advertisement is invaluable.

Beyond the excitement about *Thermidor*, there is little French news. There have been two murder trials of a more than usually revolting kind, but of considerable interest to the student of moral pathology; and the true history has been revealed of the ingenious intrigues by which the Abbé Puyol contrived to entrap the Pope into a difficulty with the French Government. There is, too, a plan, proposed by M. Mir and M. Joseph Reinach, for a new Legislative Chamber on the site of the Tuileries—which seems a sinful waste, both of money and of a fine view.

The surprise of this week has been the dissolution of the Austrian Reichsrath—which in the nature of things would have come to an end in June—before it had even voted the Budget for the current year. Taken in conjunction with the Nationalist agitation in Bohemia, and the recent demonstration in the Tyrolese Diet in favour of autonomy for the Italian Tyrol, this presumably means that the era of concessions to the aspirations of the various Cis-Leithan nationalities is at an end; and that Count Taaffe will now pursue a policy of centralisation and uniformity—made less unpalatable, perhaps, by legislation on social and labour questions—and will look to moderate men of all parties for support. Or, as it might be put, he is determined that the Emperor and his Ministry shall govern as they think fit, and that an Imperialist party, with no very definite common bond of principle, shall be formed to register the decrees of the Government. It is not the first time, of course, that he has emphasised the supremacy of the Crown. Very possibly his search for support may lead him to make overtures to the German Left.

Conservatives among us are, of course, pointing the moral, and bidding us contemplate the failure of Home Rule. The more these nationalities get, it is said, the more they want; and young Czechs displace old Czechs, and increase their demands until the patience of the Government comes to an end. Really, however, the difficulty in Austria is precisely that the task of conciliating the various fractions falls almost entirely on the central government. It is a

case of too little Home Rule, rather than too much. And, of course, the conflicting nationalities are very inconveniently grouped.

Very little information is available as yet as to the probable issue of the General Election in Spain next Sunday, and—in view, especially, of the abstentions at the recent elections of Provincial Councils—prophecy is hardly safe. The Opposition seem to be split up into Fusionists (Liberals and the Republicans led by Castelar), Reformers, Republicans of a more revolutionary type, Socialists, and various minor fractions, including (in Madrid) representatives of commerce. The issue is also complicated by the existence of minority representation. It is expected that the Government will obtain a large majority.

The estimated deficit in the Italian Budget, according to the statement of the Minister of Finance on Wednesday, amounts to thirty million francs; rumour had put it as high as fifty-six. And the Government—contrary, of course, to its promises during the elections—proposes to meet it by fresh taxes on spirits, tobacco, and lotteries—which are luxuries—and on petroleum and salt, which are necessities. Certain agricultural representatives, however, talk of an addition of forty per cent. to the duty on imported corn. The economies proposed include a considerable reduction in expenditure on public works, and such cheeseparing as dismounting the captains of infantry regiments. Rumours of a Ministerial crisis have again been rife. Despite Signor Crispi's warnings, the Chamber is preparing its own death-warrant by considering a Bill for the abolition of *scrutin de liste*.

The suicide of the Turkish ambassador at Vienna turns out to have more political significance than appeared last week. He had participated in the conspiracy which overthrew Abdul Aziz and placed Murad on the throne, and had been the friend of Midhat Pacha. Abdul Hamid feared him, but was afraid to get rid of him; and so kept him virtually in exile in Vienna, and refused him permission to return, even to see his wife on her death-bed. Hence his suicide. Additional proof, however, was hardly needed of the Sultan's consciousness of his own insecurity.

Liapi, a noted Cretan patriot, landed about a fortnight ago in Crete with a handful of followers; and Djewat Pacha, the Turkish governor, is stated to have instantly offered a full amnesty to all insurgents who would render assistance towards his capture. In view of the return of some of the fugitives consequent on the suppression of the relief hitherto afforded to them by the Greek Government, this measure was not unnatural. But Liapi has not been caught yet. On the contrary, he has defeated a body of 500 Turkish troops.

Last Saturday the *Bund* of Berne contained some interesting information—drawn from an official source—as to the working of the Federal Referendum since the last revision of the Federal Constitution in 1874. Of 144 laws or resolutions to which it was legally applicable, it was actually applied to twenty-three. Six of these were Constitutional amendments, and the application was obligatory; while in seventeen cases it was consequent on the collection of the requisite number of signatures (30,000) to a demand for it. Of these twenty-three proposals, one is now pending, nine were carried, and thirteen were rejected. As, however, in some cases successive editions of the same measure were voted on, the net result is, that of the 144 proposals, 130 were carried. This hardly looks as if the Referendum merited the title of "legislative phylloxera" which some Swiss Radicals conferred upon it, and which helped to give force to Sir Henry Maine's exposition of the native inertia of democracy.

Parliamentary parties in Germany are exhibiting new coalitions owing to the proposal of the Government, in the interests of peace, to make compensation for the suspension of the salaries of certain bishops and priests during the Kulturkampf. The measure is said to be particularly distasteful to the National Liberals, and to the section of Conservatives, led by Herr Stöcker, who have hitherto been strong supporters of the Government.

Through the Consular Agent—since there is no regular ambassador to the Government of Bulgaria—Russia has demanded the surrender of thirteen alleged Nihilists stated to be now resident in that country. Negotiations are still pending as we write.

The lamented and wholly unexpected death of Prince Baudouin has brought about a truce in the political conflict in Belgium. But it may very considerably complicate matters in the future. Should Prince Albert's health fail and—the Salic law being in force—the direct line of succession prescribed by the Constitution come to an end, dynastic complications may coincide with political; and there cannot, we fancy, be much doubt of the result.

Reports are arriving that the Chilian Revolution is on the point of settlement, and that the President would gladly resign if only his backers would let him. Meanwhile, the blockade is active, and the navy has bombarded Coronel. So, at least, say the telegrams. But it is alleged that they undergo adulteration in transit through the Argentine Republic.

The Dictator of Brazil has behaved after the usual manner of South American potentates, and he and his Cabinet have been peaceably overthrown.

The Indians in Minnesota are dancing.

ON GREEN BENCHES.

IT was not to be denied that Mr. Plunket, rising from the Treasury Bench early in the debate on the hours of railway men, and avowing, with faded elegance, that he spoke not as a Minister but as a director of the London and North-Western Railway, had somewhat the air of a belated politician. Mr. Plunket is a past fashion in the House; his reputation as a speaker lived—*ce que vivent les roses*—but a short space, though it still embalms him with the faint odour of tradition. However, it was not simply the rather disjointed matter, and the curiously hesitant manner of the speaker, which displeased the House. There was a time when even more flagrant avowals that a member put his private interests before those of the public, would have passed unnoted. As it happened, however, the House was in a mood when, not merely Mr. Plunket's apologetics, but Mr. Howorth's economics palled on it. It must have been a shock to the Prophet Howorth to find that his incantations had lost their charm. Yet so it was. With pale intensity Mr. Howorth besought the House to remember that labour was a commodity "more bought and sold than any other in the market," and to keep its hands off the "great law of supply and demand." There was a faint directorial rally at this, but the white flag of *laissez-faire* found no other standard-bearer. Mr. de Lisle and Mr. Baumann flatly disavowed the Prophet, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach gave him but cold entertainment, and Sir William Harcourt, with his usual aptness for enthusiasm *ad hoc*, swept his defences with a storm of pitiless raillery. What remained for a disconsolate sibyl but to gather up the books of economic doctrine and burn them under the nose of a party that would have none of them?

Mr. Plunket and Mr. Howorth were not the only politicians who must this week have felt that somehow they had got "left" in the movement of House of Commons opinion. Time has brought few revenges more swift and complete than that which, by a perverse stroke of fate, Mr. Bradlaugh was debarred from witnessing on Tuesday night. It is not difficult to recall the scenes accompanying the oaths controversy. Shut your eyes and you may call up again that mob of howling zealots and frantic partisans—the whirl of excited faces and struggling forms

grouped round one stalwart and steadfast figure—the whole phantasmagoria of cant and bigotry which passed before the Parliament of 1880. Where is it now? Mr. Labouchere is sitting quietly in the place from which Lord Randolph, hand on hip, used to rise, brother Gorst (now given to haunting modest corners on the Treasury Bench) prompting for occasional slips of fact or memory, "Sir Wolff" hard by to give a hand to the sacred cause of God, Queen, and country. The House is keenly alive to old memories, as Sir Stafford Northcote's son, in well-chosen words, redeems the worst slur on his father's fame, and urges the House to expunge the damnatory resolution of June 22, 1880, now doubly obsolete. Good old Sir Walter Barttelot, bearing still the name of English gentleman—not a little slurred in these bad times—backs him with a few formless sentences, worth a dozen orations. One figure is little changed. Mr. Gladstone's quiet tones must have sounded like the voice of conscience in the ears of a good many of his hearers on Tuesday night. It was the same silvery voice—a little weaker, a trifle less resonant, than of yore—as it uttered the matchless defence of religious liberty, the lofty appeal to sound reason and good-feeling—disregarded then, granted with scarce an opposing voice to-day. Yet it was just as well that there should have been some reminiscent touch of the old days, and that it should have come from Mr. de Lisle. The Tories roared with laughter as this very honest and very foolish gentleman declared that the House was recognising atheism and whitewashing treason, quite as if they and their like had not used precisely the same language eleven short years ago. "Expunge the 1880 resolution!" cried poor Mr. de Lisle with unshaken gravity, "you might as well wipe out the Decalogue, and purge the records of the House of the report of the Parnell Commission." Of course you might; and will, when the Tories cease to bracket the Decalogue and the findings of Mr. Justice Smith. That is the worst of politics; there is no finality in them. So, in all bitterness, must have thought Sir Edward Clarke, who, early in the evening, had been put up to answer Mr. Hunter in a fighting speech, and to give the Tories some reason for the hostile vote they had been summoned to give. And then Mr. Smith had gone and thrown his shifty little special pleader over! Poor Sir Edward had been "left" too.

ROYAL SURNAMES.

THERE is a "Guelph Exhibition;" and a Guelph Exhibition is likely to call forth an amazing flood of one particular form of vain talk. In the days of William the Fourth, some very impertinent person thought it smart to talk of the King and Queen as "Mr. and Mrs. Guelph." The impertinence was instructive; it showed that some people—very many people in truth—believed that the King had a surname, and that that surname was "Guelph." One does not know whether they have gone on either to think that the present Queen changed that surname for some other when she married one whose name certainly was not Guelph, or to think that Prince Albert changed his surname, whatever it was, for that of Her Majesty. That everybody must have a surname is by no means a new delusion. Perhaps Shakespeare himself was not free from it when he called Queen Gruach "Lady Macbeth." He hardly meant the title in the same way in which one now speaks of "Lady John" or "Lady George." Many people seem unable to fancy a man without a hereditary surname. Yet there have been many ages and countries of the European world in which hereditary surnames have been unknown, and one class of people goes without them still. That is to say, those princely families which became princely before hereditary surnames came into universal use have never had any need to take a surname, because they are clearly enough distinguished from other people without any. Some princely houses have surnames; but that is because they had taken surnames before they became princely. Such was Tudor in England; such was Stewart, first in Scotland, then in England. When Charles the First at his trial was summoned as "Charles Stewart, King of England," the description was unusual, but it was strictly accurate. When the French revolutionists, in helpless imitation, summoned their King by the name of "Louis Capet," they made a ludicrous blunder. Charles was "Charles Stewart," because Stewart was his real surname, inherited from his grandfather, Henry Stewart. Lewis was not "Louis Capet," because "Capet" never was the hereditary surname of anybody. Charles's grandmother, Queen Mary, was equally Mary Stewart, as a descendant of that Robert Stewart who married the daughter of Robert Bruce—another king with a surname. The place-name, the name of hereditary office, Robert of Bruce, Robert the Steward, easily passed into a hereditary surname in the modern sense. But "Capet" was simply the personal surname or nickname of the king who was in some sort the founder of the dynasty. His nickname was therefore sometimes found convenient to mark the dynasty; people began to talk about "the Capets," and they at last fancied that Capet was the hereditary surname of the house. Otherwise there was no more reason for calling Lewis the Sixteenth "Louis Capet" than there was for calling him "Louis le Long," "Louis le Bel," "Louis le Hardi," or any other nickname of any earlier king.

The Guelphs, in the queer spelling that they have gradually come to, in their natural shape, the *Welfs*, are in a somewhat different case. We need not perplex ourselves to find out how the first man that was called Welf came by his name. There is a pretty story about *Whelps* in a basket, which anybody may believe if he chooses. The name is not more wonderful than many other names. A Duke *Welf* is not more startling than the patriarchal *Caleb*, than the Roman *Catulus*, than Can' Grande della Scala, who looks specially strange in his Latin shape of "Dominus Canis." The difference between Welfs and Capets is that there were real Welfs, and that there were no real Capets. A long line of nobles and princes, one after another, bore the name of Welf as their personal name. Their house came naturally to be spoken of as the house of the Welfs; their political party was known as the party of the Welfs. The name, famous as a party-name in Germany, became yet more famous in Italy. It took an Italian shape, and the "parte Guelfa" spoke to the heart of every citizen of Florence. Further, as "Welf" became "Guelf" by a very natural process, "Guelf" has further become "Guelph" by a very unnatural one. How Ulf became "Ulphus," how Ligulf or Liulf became "Lyulph," how Guelf became "Guelph," must be left to those who have tender consciences about spelling, and who will let no man's name be written as he wrote it himself. Lord Macaulay talks of "the blood of the Guelphs," and he well may. No description could better mark the descent and history of the house. Yet to fancy that Guelph is a hereditary surname—if anybody still really does so fancy it—is just as great a blunder as that of the French revolutionists. To speak of any duke or king of the house as George or William Welf, Guelf, or Guelph, is quite as grotesque as to talk of "Louis Capet."

One or two more things may be said while we are on the subject of these names. Many, perhaps most, people fancy that *Plantagenet* was a hereditary surname from the twelfth century onwards. Scott talks about "Edith Plantagenet," a very queer mixture of names, though one has seen "Margaret Atheling," which is queerer still. But no man, king or otherwise, was ever called Plantagenet as a hereditary surname till the fifteenth century. Then the Dukes of York found that they wanted a surname, and

they chose the nickname of their remote forefather, Count Geoffrey, known as Plantagenet. There was no more reason for calling themselves Plantagenet than for calling themselves "Bastard," "Lackland," "Longshanks," or any other nickname of any other forefather; only Plantagenet certainly sounded better. It would be perfectly accurate to call the kings of the House of York "the Plantagenets," just as we talk of the Tudors and the Stewarts; only the name has been oddly carried back for three hundred years. And people hardly distinguish between the use of the name Stewart as applied to the elder Kings of Scotland and as applied to those who were Kings of England also. James, Sixth and First, son of Henry and Mary Stewart, was proclaimed "Prince and Stewart of Scotland" as well as king. "Stewart" was the hereditary office of his forefathers, still not forgotten. He would have been "Stewart" in that sense if he had been the son of Bothwell or of Francis the Second. But if a son of Bothwell had come to the crown of England, we should surely know his house, not as Stewarts, but as Hepburns.

"Capet" never was a hereditary surname; but the modern descendants of Hugh Capet seem to be taking to themselves hereditary surnames. The Spanish branch have long used the name of Bourbon in a way which comes very near to a surname. They use it constantly, in a way that our Tudors and Stewarts never used their surnames. And when the Duke of Aumale signs himself "Henri d'Orléans," that comes very near to a surname too; and a like question may some day arise among ourselves. The Dukes of York of the fifteenth century were the last men of royal descent in the male line who found that a surname would be convenient. Since then princes and their children have always died out in an astonishing way; all the male descendants of a king have been so near to the Crown that the question of a surname has not again occurred. But let our imagination go on to conceive the children of the tenth Duke of Connaught. Surely they will not be all Princes, Princesses, and Royal Highnesses. Surely they will be Lord John and Lady Mary, like the children of other Dukes. Only Lord John and Lady Mary what? Doubtless, if the case occurs, the question will have been settled before the time of the tenth duke. The Sovereign can confer any title and precedence on anybody, and it is reasonably held that any man may take any surname that he pleases. Mr. Bugg was foolish only in changing so ancient a name as Bugg for one so modern as Norfolk Howard. The Hunt who called himself De Vere, and the Morris who called himself Montmorency, were wiser in their generation. Assuredly no law or custom at present fixed can settle now what the younger children of the tenth Duke of Connaught will be called. The sovereign of that day may give them any title that he chooses; they themselves may, like the Dukes of York in the fifteenth century, take any surname that they choose. If they should choose to take Guelph, then the impertinence of the days of William the Fourth will become a fact in the days of Edward the Eleventh or Elizabeth the Third. The children of Lord John Guelph, if not promoted by their very distant kinsman on the throne, will assuredly be plain Mr. and Mrs. Guelph, without even the epithet of "Honourable." E. A. FREEMAN.

AWFUL REVELATIONS.

As one looked down the outside page of the *Globe* for last Tuesday, there seemed to be little to call for comment. The leaderette on "Coat Linings," and the turnover on "Grandmothers," had no peculiar significance. They were in harmony with the usual tone of the paper, and among the intellectually lost of the middle classes they without doubt found readers. Nor need we criticise the reporter who, on another page, wrote "devotees of the weed" when he meant "smokers." Possibly he was paid more for the longer phrase. Nor have we at any time been greatly moved by the light-minded and bitter person, or persons, whose column is entitled "By the Way," and whose humour might, with advantage to the vendor, be sold by the weight. When we see that the *Globe* is what it is, we are sincerely thankful. We would not alter it; to alter it would be to improve it, and it is no part of our policy to advocate the improvement of Conservative organs. But although it is easy to refrain from criticism or satire, it is hard to withhold our sympathies from a case of genuine distress. There, on the fourth page, in the great pink heart of the paper, we found such a case. It is the bitter cry of the provincial Unionist Press for a little Unionist patronage, and it forms the subject of the *Globe* leader. Some things may have been said in it which it is more usual to find in the prospectus or the advertisement column. It may have reminded us in places of the eloquence of an unappreciated cocoa or the sorrow of a soap which has been misunderstood. But there can be no doubt that its main contentions are true. The Unionist Press is not doing at all well, and the Unionist party are responsible for the failure.

The *Globe* cannot forget Hartlepool. At the Hartlepools, we hear, "the party which held the seat had actually suffered the Gladstonites to monopolise the entire daily press ever since 1886." At other places Unionist papers exist, but are not properly supported. The Unionist party generally are pressed to take "a more practical interest in the financial success of papers which advocate their political views." This is quite just; we can see that one must be very well paid indeed to advocate such views; and even their financial success may be unable to repay the advocate for all that he must lose in the process. "Every Unionist should make a point of taking in the paper of his own colour, even if it be inferior to its Separatist rival in some respects. . . . Again, tradesmen and other advertisers could and should give help to young papers by feeding them with their announcements. This would, we believe, redound to their own advantage in the long run as much as to that of the party at large."

In other words—buy the news which is not new, read that which is not readable, put your advertisements where they will never be seen, and all to the greater glory of the Unionist cause, and the greater prosperity of the Unionist editors. Surely nothing but sympathy can be given to so sad an appeal, even if one does not find it logically convincing. "The relations," we learn, "between the Unionist leaders and their supporters in the Press are entirely cordial." The Press is constrained to appeal publicly for pecuniary aid, and to suggest that the Government might just as well help it occasionally with a little "early information on minor matters of public interest," but its relations are entirely cordial. When in some provincial wild the next Unionist paper grows weaker and weaker, and finally expires from defective circulation, its last moments may be cheered with thoughts of this entire cordiality; it may die with words of gratitude in its poor, thin paragraphs.

It is not for itself that the *Globe* pleads, but only for the Unionist press in the provinces. All is still well in the home of the museum-made turnover. Why, by the way, should not the *Globe* give us an article on laundries? It might begin with a consideration of the early English laundry, quote a humorous remark by Sidney Smith, and then pass on to discuss the propriety of washing one's dirty linen in public and saying that it is clean at the same time. We know that the *Globe* means well, but we are not quite sure that the more important of the Unionist provincial papers, or the leaders of the Unionist party, will be altogether pleased with the delightful exhibition—or, rather, the awful revelations—with which the *Globe* provided its readers on Tuesday last.

FRATERNITY.*

PROFESSOR NEWMAN'S little book about his eminent brother is, it must be frankly owned, an unseemly production—and yet there is no need to be angry with it. There is, and always has been, something about the Professor which disarms hostility; though often most outrageous, he never outrages. All his work lacks effectiveness; his arguments fail to convince, and his conclusions are lost by the way; and yet his learning is great, his zeal for humanity noble, and his simplicity almost divine.

This new book of his makes you laugh in spite of yourself. The spectacle of one brother pecking and nagging at another, and he in the grave, is not in itself mirthful, but this brother is so obviously sincere, occasionally so shrewd, frequently so foolish, that it is impossible to help yourself: smile you must.

It is not often so distinguished a man as the late Cardinal has been watched so carefully or so long, and from such a coign of advantage, or with so complete and baffling an absence of the least intellectual or moral sympathy, as the elder Newman was by the younger. For upwards of sixty years the Professor has been staring at the Cardinal with amazement that such a man should be.

Their careers, though outwardly different, were to this extent alike—that both were men of thought and devoted to the spiritual side of things. They hated each other's writings most cordially, and deplored each other's opinions most sincerely; but, for all that, they could not pretend not to be interested in each other's *subject matter*, as they might have done had John been a collector of old fiddles, and Francis of painted butterflies.

The account given by the Professor of his brother's early days is interesting and significant. John Henry Newman seems to have been born in chains, and never to have known freedom of opinion. Neither the tyranny of Charles the First, nor the debauchery of George the Fourth, could turn his stomach; he was always for the King and for the Ministers. He could not bear, says his brother, the coarseness of the vulgar, nor had he the discernment to perceive when simplicity becomes sublime. He somewhere, we recall to mind, writes compassionately of "poor John Bunyan."

When the scene shifts to Oxford, the Professor's aim is the ungracious one of establishing that Kingsley was right after all, and that the Cardinal was almost from the first a Romanist who practised dishonest economies. There is something piteous in the trivialities and misjudgments on which the Professor relies to make out his brother a shuffler. The elder Newman was, as Mr. Froude has described him, a man of wilful and imperious temper, inclined to paradox, and at the same time to syllogism, but transparent as the day; the younger Newman seems to have been at least equally wilful, quite as narrow-minded, and most heroically determined not to go a single step in his brother's direction. The spectacle of John Newman trying to coax and inveigle Francis in the direction of sacerdotalism, and the obstinate refusals of the latter to give his brother any starting-point whatever, or to make him a single one of those concessions which he so dearly loved, as depicted in these pages, is positively comic.

On one occasion John Henry Newman surreptitiously caused an engraving of the Madonna to be hung in his brother's rooms. Francis, on beholding the idolatrous thing, instantly went to the print-shop whence it came and ordered its removal. His brother remonstrated, and observed that Protestants forgot that sacred utterance, "Blessed art thou among women;" but Francis answered, "Dear John, I do not forget it, but I remember also that to like words from another woman Christ replied, 'Yea, rather, blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it.' Our Lord did not approve of honouring His mother." To this the elder brother said nothing.

The Professor doubts the accuracy of the account given in the *Apologia* of the progress of his brother's religious opinions, and intimates that such a work was contemplated before Kingsley made his famous attack upon its author's veracity. The latter point is a small one. Dr. Newman was bound, some time or another, to write an *Apologia*. Francis Newman has done the same thing. It is a pity Charles Robert Newman did not maintain the tradition. As for the untrustworthiness of the *Apologia*, to be entirely accurate on such a subject as your own opinions is impossible. Who can point, as with a wand, and say, this portion of the river of my mind came from that fountain? A desire to tell the truth is all we have a right to demand, and that must be determined by internal rather than external evidence. The whole tone and temper of the *Apologia* proves the essential sincerity of its author, a sincerity which is not to be aspersed by the splenetic puerility of the Professor.

But there is much shrewdness as well as spleen in this little book. What could be better than this?—

"He (J. H. N.) urgently needed a thesis to attack or defend, some authority as the goal of his eloquence, or concessions made by another; then he had a start. In his conversation, as soon as he had extracted adequate concessions, he was a powerful reasoner, entangling like Socrates the unwary disputant. Not from any talent in me, but barely from the fact he could get no concessions out of me, I always found his arguments puerile. My sole concession was the paramount supremacy of Christ and the New Testament; which never helped him, but was rather felt by him awkward, for I had studied the New Testament and the Psalms from an earlier age than he. When he had to prance with a young Anglican priest he was soon on galloping-ground. He then could quote 'Receive thou the Holy Ghost. Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven.' Once give him this start, and he unrolled the whole skeleton of virtual Popery as our Anglican doctrine before his respondent had any idea into what the discussion would carry him. If he had tried to tamper thus with me, he might expect the reply, 'But, my dear John, *when* did that form of ordination first come into the Church?' Ever since his first sermon he never could get any starting-point from me. His weakness and credulity as to First Principles were to me lamentable."

It is one of the many candid remarks of the Professor's that in the Achilli case he could not help thinking the verdict of the jury a just one.

But the Professor had a good deal to put up with. It is only fair to remember that. It is trying when one member of a family sets up as a prophet, and insists on his mission and authority being recognised not only by the world, but by his brothers and sisters as well. English families are not made that way. The Professor would not, as we have seen, go a single foot with his brother, and one of the sisters seems to have been equally determined. Mrs. Newman, too, had no mind to part with her independence. This necessarily occasioned asperities.

Again, there was something cold and chilling about the Cardinal's indifference to social questions. The Professor could not but contrast the zeal of Cardinal Manning in these respects with the placid aspect of his own brother. In October, 1867, the Professor tells us with what joy he heard Manning speak at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on the drink question: "It filled me with enthusiasm and joy: but I was merely a type of the thousands who listened in deep, rapt silence to his magnificent speech. I wrote at once to my brother, believing that I had got a topic on which we could at length find interest in common. I cannot guarantee my words, but I know that I was elated, and my admiration warm. He replied in a kind note, but with only these few words bearing on my topic: 'As to what you tell me of Archbishop Manning, I have heard that some also

* "The Early History of Cardinal Newman," by F. W. Newman. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.

of our Irish bishops think that too many drink-shops are licensed. As for me, I do not know whether we have too many or too few.'"

We must say we sympathise with the Professor's feelings when he adds, "This seemed to curdle my heart like a lump of ice."

In the last chapter of this little book, the Professor suggests that some Member of Parliament should introduce a short Bill to make it a misdemeanour to pretend to have power, or to bestow power, of forgiving sin. The measure would, we are sure, be blocked by the Members for the University of Oxford. He concludes by observing that Dr. Martineau may read Dr. Newman's writings with profit. Whether Mr. R. H. Hutton can do so, he is not quite so certain; but parents who do not want to see their children Romanists should not, he thinks, allow his brother's writings to be read.

We know a wag who has had the *Apologia* and "Phases of My Faith" bound up together and lettered "Guesses at Truth by Two Brothers," thus confounding the Newmans with the Hares in the maddest fashion. It seems a pity that one guesser should be angry with another for guessing differently. Still, unseemly as the book is, it is impossible to read it without interest, and unnecessary to judge it with severity.

THE NOVEL OF THE FUTURE.—I.

A SYMPATHETIC critic—if only we possessed one—who should cease for a while from treating each novel that comes out as a separate achievement, to be judged alone, and should try to understand its genesis and aim, would perceive at last that certain English novelists are fighting for their very souls against tradition. And then perhaps he would cease from holding up Thackeray as a model.

The fact is that Thackeray was a bigger man than his admirers guess: and precisely for that reason he saw what they cannot see—that he had almost worked out his vein. "It is time for me to cease writing," he declared, towards the close of his life; and it certainly is the saddest tribute to his greatness that English novelists who pretend to describe life as it is should have been tilling his garden ever since. "See what flowers *he* made it yield!" they exclaim: "how can we do better than labour on the same lines with the same implements?" And so they raise their annual crop of conventionalities and sell it to Mudie's, never guessing that the very perfection of "Esmond" and "The Newcomes" exhausted the land. For a whole generation now the great names of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, have cursed their successors with the curse of barrenness. Therefore, we want a school to teach that it is hopeless to begin where Thackeray left off, and continue to excite men's interest in the "management of lifeless formulæ and worn-out conventions." We want a Poe-Thackerayite movement, in short.

"The moment a man can do his work, he becomes speechless about it," says Ruskin. For this cause, no doubt, the one man whose method (rightly understood, elaborated, and applied) might have shown the way to freedom and helped the English novel forward by twenty years, has remained without influence. His own utterances on questions affecting his art have been infrequent and uniformly puerile—he has talked about the "locked bookcase," for instance. It would seem that, though he hits the mark often, he cannot for the life of him tell us how: or perhaps he knows and is too astute to declare his secret. To search for this was the critics' duty, who of course have done nothing of the kind. They have praised Thomas Hardy from time to time; and we are often reminded, with delicious *naïveté*, that when "Far from the Madding Crowd" began to run anonymously in *Cornhill*, the *Spectator's* critic exclaimed, "Either George Eliot or a new genius!" (The intellectuals of the gentleman who deemed George Eliot capable of Chapter ii. of that novel would have rewarded examination.) But while the critics praised Hardy's achievement, they were silent about the significance of his work—as men prattling about the contour of a wheat-grain without a thought of its germination. This was natural enough; for, to begin with, Hardy is a countryman, and the critic, sitting in his Cockney club, will never believe that good can come out of Nazareth, or a new gospel from Barbizon, Skien, Dorchester, or any of those remote spots where men do not inhale one another's opinions about art. And, in the second place, it is no less curious than true that we have never possessed in England a single first- or even second-rate critic of the novel. If this be doubted, let any man try to name one. Eminent critics there have been: who have let the novel alone, perhaps deeming it trivial. But if that were their reason, the less critics they.

Before we consider, however, the amount of help that Hardy can give, let us try to indicate one or two of the lines on which the revolt seems likely to move.

(1). The rebel novelist will describe only what he sees as he sees it. In other words, he will rely on observation instead of tradition.

(2). He will, as a consequence, discard the old gods—"poetical justice," "*dénoûment*," "plot," "artistic form," etc.—or rather, neglect them whenever they conflict with life as he observes it.

(3). As a further consequence he will relegate the love-story to its proper place, being convinced that "sexual interest" is not four-fifths of life (as the old novel implies), nor even two-fifths.

(4). His art will take colour from the life he observes and be "democratic"—the word may stand for the present, to be explained by-and-by.

(5). He will accept no restrictions beyond those imposed by his art and its subject matter. In other words, he will not let Mr. W. H. Smith tell him what he may write about and what he may not.

The worst of it is that, in nine cases out of ten, ardent youth will insist upon attacking this last position first, and crying out against Messrs. Smith and Mudie because they won't let novelists write about every freak of human life. Whereas, let but the other positions be mastered—let but the novelist vindicate his claims by learning *how to do the thing*—and Messrs. Smith and Mudie will surrender at discretion; simply because Mr. Rider Haggard's landcrabs, and Mr. Walter Besant's angels, and all the old bag of tricks will cease to mean money. The conventional gentlemen are imposing gods, and will stand up against abuse: the only way to throw down Dagon is to place the Ark side by side with him.

These impetuous young rebels—Mr. George Moore and the like—have done the greatest harm to their side and delayed its triumph considerably. It is owing to them that the British public insists on suspecting that Reality and Cleanliness are antithetical, and that, in some mysterious way, a loose woman is more "real" than a skipping lambkin. It is impossible to sympathise deeply with their pained astonishment at the strength of Mr. Smith's armour: for they were never qualified to fight at all. They simply substituted French conventions for English, and called them "real": which was absurd. So the only result of their efforts was to bring discredit on a good word.

For, after all, it is not with the public prejudices that the rebel has first to fight, but with the traditions of his own art. The time is mercifully past when young painters were bidden to look at such-and-such a landscape "through a Claude glass;" but the novelist has not yet been encouraged to look at the world with his own eyes. It is here that Thomas Hardy's example is helpful. Hit or

miss, his method involves direct observation; and though in the construction of his tales liberty and the straitest convention are often found side by side, yet the incongruity is always so plainly apparent as to make his very defects instructive.

The critics miss this, as they have missed their whole vocation. These gentlemen have come to believe that their true function is to sit in judgment on isolated specimens of an author's work. Surely it is rather to study the work as it grows, interpreting to the public its writer's aim, comparing each new book with its predecessors, and noting any deviation in purpose and increasing adequacy or inadequacy of execution. If, on the other hand, a writer seem to them to be merely conventional, and therefore as good as dead, let them say so and give the corpse, great or small, its necessary rites. It is urged that critics who did their work in this fashion would be continually staking their reputations. But where, in the matter of the novel, *is* the British critic's reputation?

THE DISCOVERY OF ACCADIAN INSCRIPTIONS IN LONDON.

LORD PALMERSTON once defined "dirt" as matter in the wrong place. A somewhat similar definition might be applied to the objects which from time to time astonish the learned world by presenting themselves in countries remote from the land in which presumably they had their origin. At the present juncture scholars are very naturally excited by the discovery of a copy of Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens" in the land of the Pharaohs. But apart from the literary and historical merits of this recovered work, the discovery is not so surprising as some of those of which the last few years have been productive. We know that Aristotle gave his works at his death to Theophrastus, and that they were bought by one of the Ptolemies and placed in the library at Alexandria. That copies of these writings should therefore be found in Egypt—that great depository of the dead—is less astonishing than some of the displacements affecting more widely separated lands. Not long ago, for example, some Chinese seals of a respectable antiquity were found in an Irish bog. Then, again, some others, bearing quotations from the writings of native poets of the seventh or eighth century, have been discovered in Egyptian tombs. At various periods, also, Mexican sculptured stones have been unearthed in the neighbourhood of Alexandria; cuneiform inscriptions have been dug up on the banks of the Nile; and an Assyrian inscription of the time of Sargon II. has been found among the foundations of a convent at Jerusalem.

But these discoveries, strange as they may appear, are less amazing than one which was made a few weeks ago within the sound of Bow Bells. Some old houses in Knightrider Street, near St. Paul's Churchyard, have lately been pulled down, and in digging out the foundation of one of them the workmen discovered three black stones, bearing marks which appeared to them to be like ancient inscriptions. Fortunately in the cause of science, the report of the discovery quickly reached the British Museum, the authorities of which Institution at once possessed themselves of the stones, and submitted the inscriptions which they bore to Mr. Evetts, the well-known Assyriologist in the department of Oriental Antiquities. A careful study of the stones has enabled Mr. Evetts to report that they are "Chaldæan monuments belonging to the earliest period of which we have any knowledge, namely, the pre-Semitic age of Ur-Nina and Gudea, when the Accadian language was alone in use, and the characters employed in writing were of the most archaic form;" that two of the three bear legible inscriptions, and that of these the earliest must be referred to a date about 4500 B.C.

The first question which this announcement will suggest is: How did these stones find their way from Chaldæa to Knightrider Street? And the answer can only be a conjectural one. In the immediate vicinity of the stones were found some old Dutch tiles, from which it may be inferred that the house—probably before the time of the Great Fire of London—was occupied by a Dutch merchant. We know that at that period the Dutch had a factory at Bassorah, the port of Bagdad, on the Persian Gulf, and it is not unreasonable to suppose, therefore, that the stones were brought by some Dutch ship either as ballast or as curiosities, and were preserved in the counting-house in Knightrider Street. Early travellers in Southern Babylonia make repeated mention of fragments of Chaldæan monuments having been found on the banks of rivers and of ancient canals, and there is nothing improbable, therefore, in the supposition that these stones might have been easily acquired at Bassorah. At this presumed time, the seventeenth century, the inscriptions of Persepolis were attracting attention in England, and scholars were as divided then on the main characteristics of the writing and the language it represented as they are now on the minutiæ of both. Dr. Hyde, the Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, held that they were not inscriptions at all; while at the other end of the list of disputants stood Raspe, who pronounced them to be in Chinese. It might be held as a compliment to the memory of this scholar that it has recently been shown that a number of Chinese characters are derived from the Babylonian writing, and that the relation between Accadian and Chinese is very close indeed.

In a most interesting paper communicated to the Society of Biblical Archæology, Mr. Evetts has given a minute description of the stones, together with transcriptions and a translation of the inscriptions. The most modern of the three is a boundary stone. It is without an inscription, but is covered with the fantastic figures of animals and the discs of planets, having reference to the received astrological influences under which the land was divided. From a comparison with similar stones in the British Museum to which dates can be assigned, this one is conjectured to be of the thirteenth or twelfth century before Christ.

The one next in retrograde chronological order is a cube of eleven inches, and was plainly, when it stood *in situ*, the socket in which the metal pivot of a door once moved. At the side of the socket is a short dedicatory inscription to the god Nina, in archaic cuneiform, from which we learn that the stone was part of a building erected by Gudea, the famous ruler of Sirpurla. As the dynasty to which Gudea and his son Gamil-Sin belonged ended before 3800 B.C., we must give to this stone a date prior to that epoch.

The remaining stone is of a still earlier period. The inscription which it bears is of less interest from the nature of its contents than from the script in which it is written. The subject is the dedication of the object—a basin—to temple worship, but the characters in which it is inscribed are those known as linear, in contradistinction to the strictly cuneiform characters, which were introduced at a later period with the employment of clay as the writing material. As has already been mentioned, the cuneiform writing was that in use in the time of Gudea, and the linear inscription on this stone points, therefore, to a still more remote period. M. Oppert has not hesitated to assign to similar inscriptions the date of from 4500 to 5000 B.C. If we modestly accept the latter of these years as that of the inscription on this stone, it will be safe to assert that this treasure of Knightrider Street bears one of the oldest Accadian inscriptions that has as yet come under the notice of the authorities at the British Museum.

THE PROFESSIONAL JOURNALIST.

An Indictment.

I PRAY judgment of mankind against the professional journalist. When I say the "professional journalist," I do not include the mere society paragraph-monger—the man who writes (1) that "the Honourable Mark Rolle is about to spend several weeks at Bicton, his beautiful seat in North Devon" (or is it South Devon? I have read the paragraph above two hundred and eighty times, but cannot recall its wording), "which he inherited from the Dowager Lady Rolle, the widow of the aged peer who fell prone before Her Majesty at her coronation when attempting to do his obeisance;" or (2) that his "readers will be glad to hear that Lady Dorothy Nevill and her popular daughter, after paying a series of visits, including one to Sandringham, have returned to their house in Charles Street, Mayfair" (or is it Berkeley Square?), "the drainage of which has been thoroughly overhauled during their prolonged absence." That kind of man is not a journalist at all. The man I indict is he who "has his column," who boasts of a lifelong attachment between himself and its unknown readers (chiefly evidenced by letters of heartfelt thanks penned by Australian sheep-shearers and Dakota ranchemen), who fancies that his copy is "literature," that the twentieth century will garner his fugitive writing, as we garner the effusions of Dick Steele and Charles Lamb, and that the great-great-great-grandson of Austin Dobson will edit an *édition de luxe* of his collected work, with a preface in which it will be learnedly discussed whether he (the professional journalist) ever really met Mr. Goschen at a dinner of the Royal Literary Fund or had only spoken with another who did, and whether it was purposely (or by a fluke) that he received, as he once undoubtedly did, a card for a garden-party at Dollis Hill, which was ultimately postponed on account of the weather. It is against that man that I exhibit articles of impeachment, and they run to ten heads. I am his accuser—

1. in that he is unconvincing:
*2. in that he is no scholar, his pretended learning being lifted in rough blocks out of old cyclopædias, disused cookery manuals, and the Annual Register:
*3. in that he is egotistical, and, for example, pretends to be the possessor, by purchase, of articles of furniture and curios which he has only seen in other people's houses;
4. in that he is *laudator temporis acti*:
5. in that he is insincere:
6. in that he is a self-seeker and greedy:
7. in that he is an obstructionist:
*8. in that he begins a paragraph about one thing, and incontinently shunts himself on to another:
* 9. in that he is uninforming:
*10. in that he appears never to know anybody, or to go anywhere, or to hear anything, and can never even be correct in the naming of perfectly well-known people, constantly calling the Earl of Meath "Earl Meath," and Lady Randolph Churchill "Lady Churchill."

There are some of the above counts which are so self-evidently true, that nothing need be said in support of them; and against each of these I have placed an asterisk (*). The others I proceed to labour.

1. That he is unconvincing is mainly established by the way in which he writes about the health of his opponents. If he is an Unionist, he never can allow Mr. Gladstone's birthday to go by without a graceful congratulation, albeit the night before he may have been engaged till midnight in discussing the ever-recurring and heart-searching question, "How long that old man means to last"; but, at all events, in such a case his paragraph is kindly and human. Perhaps he "means it" somewhere down in the depths of his natural heart; and therefore we count it unto him for righteousness, and forgive him. Where we cannot forgive the professional journalist is when he (being like unto ourselves a Home Ruler) professes deep concern on learning that Sir Henry James has gone to Bath in order to be rid of the gout; or when (being a down-grade Christian verging on the abyss of universalism) he rends his garments at the intelligence that (for the twentieth time) the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has been obliged to vacate his pulpit at the Tabernacle, and repair to Mentone in consequence of asthma and poor-man's gout. Now the human mind is so constituted as not to be capable of feeling sorrow on learning that one's political or theological opponent has a fit of the gout—unless it be gout in the stomach (which is not here in question). If the professional journalist were a true man and a faithful servant of his public, what he would say in the first of the above cases, would be something to this effect—"I am glad to hear that Sir Henry James has again got the gout. No one will be surprised at the news after reading of the endless round of Highland gaieties in which he was a central figure, and in respect of which angry Nature is at length demanding her penalty. It is some comfort to Home Rulers to know that life at Bath is so dull that, during his three weeks' sojourn, our distinguished opponent will be more than amply punished for not having stuck to the Party in 1886." But being a sham and a wind-bag, he says the exact opposite.

4. That he is a "laudator temporis acti" is apparent most often in what he writes about matters theatrical. He is the secular enemy of "long runs," professing to regret the days of stock companies, when the bill was changed four times a week, and the players would each essay his part with no other knowledge of the words than could be obtained by hearing it read once in the Green Room. He has a fine contempt for Mr. Hare, Mr. Tree, and Mr. Alexander, always comparing them disparagingly with the old actor: not that he calls him "the old actor"—he always speaks of him as *le vieux cabotin*; what he means by that he does not know himself.

5. That he is insincere. I found my case here chiefly upon his factitious concern about the last resting-places of professional persons who were more or less notable in their lifetime, or whose names he happens to recollect. Thus he announces periodically, with much parade of grief and indignation, that the tombstone which surmounts the remains of Father Prout (one of his special favourites), or Kenny Meadows, or Angus B. Reach, is grass-grown and out of the perpendicular, and bids the city ædiles look to it. Who those officials are he has not the faintest notion. How he ascertains the state of these tombstones it is somewhat difficult to conjecture. Nobody else ever knows anything about them, for nobody—not even the professional journalist—cares. The most generally accepted theory as to his sources of information is that he employs a small army of Irish Secretaries to act as a kind of Inspectors of Dilapidations, their duty being to search the corners of the "local" London papers for such matter, and mark it for him. He is best pleased of all when it is Angus B. Reach's headstone which happens to be awry, for then he can go off at score to tell that good old "chestnut" about how (the defunct's name being pronounced Reäcke) Thackeray once said, "Mr. Reacke, will you put out you hand and reack me a peack?"

6. That he is a self-seeker and greedy is most conclusively proved in his mode of dealing with the personal aspect of London municipal affairs. I purposely avoid relying on the "chicken and champagne" head of evidence in relation to his treatment of theatrical managers, because that has been gone into before, and upon it he would be entitled to the old Norman plea of *autrefois convict*. But, reverting to the municipal branch of the case, it may be sufficient for me to point out that, whilst we are all positively thirsting for details and gossip about the personal qualities and home-lives of the

noble band of virtuous valuers, surveyors, accountants, clerks of the works, and inspectors of imbecile asylums, whom the London County Council has gathered around itself as its permanent staff, the professional journalist seems not to care even to acquaint himself with their names or spheres of activity, whilst he is for ever nauseating us with fulsome panegyrics of the officials of the corrupt City Corporation—the affable Remembrancer—the genial Recorder—the courteous Secretary to the Lord Mayor—the urbane "Secondary"—the jovial Common Serjeant—and the semi-divine Lord Mayor himself. The difference is simply due to the fact that this last set of people can and dó invite the professional journalist to luncheons, dinners, and balls at the Mansion House or Guildhall, and the other set of men cannot. That branch of the case being so well established, I proceed at once to the seventh count, which is the last of those requiring to be supported by proof.

7. THAT HE IS AN OBSTRUCTIONIST. This is principally shown by his attitude towards questions of street-improvement. Among his many objectionable traits is a preference (on paper) for crooked streets, dilapidated dwellings, frowsy eating-houses, ugly churches, and, speaking generally, squalor and smells. If it is proposed to run a fine boulevard of red-brick Norman-Shaw palaces through some "thieves' acre," he screams himself hoarse in all his "columns," and occasionally stands forth *in propriâ personâ*, in one or more dailies, as a champion of "Old London." He proves, mightily to his own satisfaction, that the thing simply *cannot* be done! *Vetat religio loci*, he cries. Not only would you have to pull down the tavern where Mistress Eleanor Gwynne, in her first youth, and acting as a sort of uncertificated barmaid, "drew strong waters for the gentlemen," and also the barber's shop where for thirty-five years Douglas Jerrold had his locks trimmed, but you would actually have to uproot the street post against which "Poet Bunn" leaned for support after being served with one of the only two writs of *ne exeat regno* which were ever issued against him, and of which the other is well known to be framed and hung in Mr. Henry Irving's dressing-room, and to be regarded by its owner as one of his most precious and pathetic possessions.

The above is in substance what I wish to say against the professional journalist.

AN AMATEUR JOURNALIST.

THE DRAMA.

ADVENTURES, said Sidonia, are to the adventurous—a statement abundantly verified by that venturesome—if not, as Mr. Stevenson would say, temerarious—young gentleman, the hero of *All the Comforts of Home*, an American version of the German farce *Ein Toller Einfall* with which Mr. Norman Forbes has opened his career of management at the Globe. Instances are not wanting in the police-court records of houses being let out in furnished apartments by caretakers more speculative than conscientious, during the absence of the rightful owners; and the new farce, which takes an enterprise of this kind for its starting-point, cannot therefore be described as altogether out of touch with real life. But though it starts from a base of probability, it soon deviates into the wildest fantasy, and by the time it has arrived at its goal, every expedient for compelling laughter, from the tricks of a pantomime harlequinade to the horseplay of those egregious music-hall drolls "the two Macs," is found to have been exhausted. I will not attempt to describe (which I take to be the orthodox way of saying, "I have entirely forgotten") the ins-and-outs of its plot. Take one impecunious medical student, one nervous musician (stone-deaf), one opera-dancer (in costume), one amorous grocer (pursued by a jealous wife); mix well, and serve piping-hot. That is the recipe from which *All the Comforts of Home* has been concocted. As to the mirth-provoking qualities of the mixture, all that need be said is summed up in the immortal criticism of Abraham Lincoln, that for those who like this sort of thing, this is just the sort of thing they will like. Some of us, perhaps, would like this sort of thing better if we had not seen it so often before. The elderly husband, for instance, whose weakness for the sex is for ever plunging him into domestic hot water, might now be allowed to take a well-earned rest; and it takes all Mr. Harry Paulton's peculiar powers of lugubrious drollery to raise a laugh over so stale a jest. For the rest, Miss Lily Linfield introduces a lively petticoat-dance—no modern piece is now complete without a petticoat-dance; they have one even at the classic Haymarket, and by-and-by we may expect Ophelia (in the mad scene, of course) to trip it to the tune of "The Bogie Man"—while her companions carry on the game with the vivacity—or, rather, the velocity—which for harum-scarum farce is the chief, if not the sole, requisite.

All the Comforts of Home is preceded by Mr. W. G. Wills's version of Théodore de Banville's *Gringoire*, which might, for the sake of symmetry, be entitled *All the Discomforts of being a Fifteenth-Century Poet*. The chronological reference here is by no means superfluous, for the printer of the Globe programme (followed, to his confusion, by the guileless critic of the *Daily Telegraph*) apparently supposes that Louis XI., who in this little play comes so near consigning Gringoire's neck to barber Olivier's halter, flourished in the seventeenth century. To make confusion worse confounded, the players ostentatiously adopt the style of the later nineteenth. The result is a curious object-lesson in the art of turning French poetry (for poetry De Banville's delicious little play is, though it is not in verse) into English prose. There are two good and sufficient reasons why the Globe management should have let this play severely alone. One is, that *Gringoire* defies translation; its delicacy and *bouquet* (to borrow a useful word from Messrs. Gilbey's catalogue) are lost in the Channel passage, and the two gems of the piece—the "Ballade des Pendus" and the "Pauvre gens, tout est peine et misère,"—become the merest paste. The other reason is that Mr. Norman Forbes, an intelligent and capable young actor in his way, does not happen to be intelligent and capable in M. Coquelin's way. It was for M. Coquelin, and for the thorough exploitation of M. Coquelin's peculiar histrionic equipment, that the part of Gringoire was specially written—which means that Mr. Norman Forbes cannot play it.

The revival of *A Doll's House* at Terry's Theatre on Tuesday afternoon was a thing, throughout, of good intentions, but only now and then of good performance. Perhaps the most encouraging feature of the whole affair was the presence in the house of a large contingent of people of a kind seldom, if ever, seen at average *matinée* performances, as acting-managers know—the kind, namely, which pays for its seats in hard cash. Just now many earnest persons are heard to express their sorrow that Mr. Robert Buchanan or Mr. George R. Sims cannot be induced to see that Ibsen, after all, is not exactly a fool by comparison with Mr. Robert Buchanan or Mr. George R. Sims; but how many of these, when confronted with the old question, "How much are you sorry?" are prepared to answer, like the faithful ones of Tuesday, "The price of a theatre ticket"? The Buchanan tribe we have ever with us, and ever shall have until the coming of the Coqcigrues; but it seems, nevertheless, that there is actually "money in" Ibsen—which is perhaps the one reason that may induce the British Philistine to think better of him. The money was not, on the whole, badly invested. In a "scratch" cast there must, of course, be misfits, and the representatives of Torvald Helmer and Dr. Rank were both obviously out of their element. But Miss Marie Fraser's Nora offered intelligence and some

interpretative power; Mr. Charles Fulton made a capital Krogstad, and the performance showed one really fine feature in the Mrs. Linden of Miss Elizabeth Robins. The pathos and sincerity of this lady's acting in the scene between Mrs. Linden and Krogstad—the scene wherein those two social failures join hands for mutual help and consolation—drew tears from many hardened playgoers in the audience. Here is an actress who, though not yet quite mistress of the smaller technicalities of her art, has the richest natural endowment for the stage: grave dignity of bearing, eyes that are veritable windows of the soul, one of those vibrant voices that bring the listener's heart into his mouth, and that sympathetic tenderness of manner which (as the finest compliment they can pay to the sex) men are accustomed briefly to call womanliness. If there is a manager in London who knows his business, this lady ought forthwith to have a chance of showing what she can do with a first-rate part.

Of *The Stranger*, revived—or, rather, exhumed—at the Olympic on Wednesday afternoon, what can one say that has not been a thousand times better said in a certain famous description of the Fotheringay's appearance as Mrs. Haller at the T.R., Chatteris? One is obliged to Mr. Barrett for bringing playgoers acquainted with this historic curio, but the sense of obligation is coupled with a secret resolve never again to resume the acquaintance. To listen to such dialogue twice would be the very superfluity of martyrdom. "Nobody ever talked so. If we meet idiots in life, as will happen, it is a great mercy that they do not use such absurdly fine words. The Stranger's talk is sham, like the book he reads and the bank he sits on; but, in the midst of the balderdash, there runs the reality of love, children, and forgiveness of wrong which will be listened to wherever it is preached, and sets all the world sympathising." Well, the reality may have made itself felt in the Fotheringay's time, and little Bows may have had good reason for burying his face in his blue cotton handkerchief. But now, at the Olympic—no; in vain Mr. Barrett declaimed his hatred of all mankind, in vain Miss Winifred Emery wept over her little William; they could not induce anyone to take the play seriously. A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

CARLYLE'S scorn has not altogether destroyed the memory of his *bête noire*, JEREMY BENTHAM. The Clarendon Press, encouraged by the reception of BENTHAM'S "Principles of Morals and Legislation," has reprinted his "Fragment on Government." MR. F. C. MONTAGUE, M.A., is the editor, and he discusses, in an elaborate introduction, BENTHAM'S place in the history of thought, and the significance of the "Fragment" as a contribution to political philosophy. A book on a kindred topic is PROFESSOR MAXIME KOVALEVSKY'S "Modern Customs and Ancient Laws of Russia" (NUTT), being the Ilchester Lectures for 1889-90. PROFESSOR KOVALEVSKY defends the "doctrinaire" against critics who have no system, and hopes to persuade his readers that the modern Russian "idealogues" deserve that nickname as little as the French Liberals whom Napoleon I. disliked. Two new books that may be mentioned here—although they deal not with political philosophy, but with political science—are the late SIR LOUIS MALLET'S "Free Exchange" (KEGAN PAUL), and "The Scope and Method of Political Economy" (MACMILLAN), by MR. J. N. KEYNES.

ONE of the most important works in philology published recently is PROFESSOR PAUL'S "Principien der Sprachgeschichte," of which a translation already exists in English. The "Introduction to the Study of the History of Language," now issued by MESSRS. LONGMANS, is practically PROFESSOR PAUL'S book over again, with the substitution of English and French for the German illustrations of the original, and an occasional inversion of the order of the argument in the interests of the student. PROFESSOR H. A. STRONG, MR. W. S. LOGEMAN, and MR. B. I. WHEELER are the joint authors.

EVERYBODY who loves THACKERAY will read the little volume, in the "Great Writers" series, which bears the names of MR. HERMAN MERIVALE and MR. FRANK T. MARZIALS. MR. MERIVALE, unhappily, was not able to finish a work which he began in the true spirit of a THACKERAY enthusiast. The exuberance of his devotion can easily be forgiven, for the sake of the genuine appreciation both of the man and the writer. In this respect the book is more complete than any biography of THACKERAY we have yet had, and it is simply invaluable when compared with the singularly irritating and worthless volume written by ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Perhaps MR. MERIVALE gossips too much in a colloquial style a little too obviously inspired by THACKERAY'S unapproachable prose. And we really don't know why the biographer should be quite so sure that, had THACKERAY lived to see the commotion over MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S clothes in prison, he would have visited them, not with jokes, but with "serious reprobation."

BUT, with all its drawbacks, the book is exceedingly interesting from first to last. MR. MARZIALS forms a judicious estimate of THACKERAY, both in his greatness and in his limitations, but the charm of the narrative lies in the side-lights on the novelist's lovable qualities—his simplicity, his kindly humour, his overflowing tenderness of heart. "A beautiful and chastened kindness," says MR. MARZIALS, is the background of THACKERAY'S character. "A big fellow, soul and body," said CARLYLE, who dreaded "explosions in his history." There is a puzzle in the general testimony, and such fresh light as is thrown upon the man by this book makes us long for more. "That a full life will be published sooner or later," remarks MR. MARZIALS, "may be taken for granted;" and as he appeals pointedly to MRS. RITCHIE, we hope this is an indication of some intention in that lady's mind to tell her father's story.

POETS and naturalists are as plentiful as blackberries in Scotland. Every ploughman there regards himself as a possible BURNS; and those who remain inarticulate are, as a rule, able to take credit for denying themselves poetical fame in order "to make a happy fireside clime for weans and wife." Why naturalists should be so prevalent in Scotland it is not so easy to say. That love of nature, which critics tell us came into English literature from Scotland, is not exactly the love of natural history; still, on inquiry, we should doubtless find the two related. "The Naturalist of Cumbrae" (KEGAN PAUL), by name DAVID ROBERTSON, differs from THOMAS EDWARD in this—instead of confining his researches to a small area in the neighbourhood of his birthplace, he was enabled to pursue his favourite study in various parts of the three kingdoms, and in Norway. Between the careers of the two men, besides an obvious resemblance, there is a strong and instructive contrast, which gives a special interest to the circumstance that they met, and afterwards kept up a friendly correspondence. The life of the Cumbrae naturalist is sympathetically told by his friend the REV. THOMAS E. R. STEBBING, M.A.

GOSSIP, reflection, censure—especially of the ladies she met—and anecdote, make up the contents of those two pleasant volumes, "Further

Records, 1848—83" (BENTLEY), by FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. They form a sequel to "Record of a Childhood," and "Records of Later Life." One of the most striking anecdotes is told of BRET HARTE by himself. Doubtless it has found its way into all the newspapers by this time; but it will bear condensed repetition. BRET HARTE stayed one night, when he was an agent for some Eastern Express Company, at a house of call isolated and far distant from any other dwelling. The only other guest was a notorious desperado for whom the lynchers of the wilderness were scouring the district. In the morning BRET HARTE and the robber set out together, the host having given the latter minute directions as to the only road by which he could escape his pursuers. The fugitive soon began to talk—not about his escape, not about the crime he had committed, but about DICKENS'S *last story*; and he became so enthusiastic that, if BRET HARTE had not pointed it out to him, he would have passed the turning by which alone he might escape.

SHORTLY before his death in 1889, MR. JOHN ERICSSON, the famous engineer, expressed a wish that his biography should be written by COLONEL WILLIAM C. CHURCH. COLONEL CHURCH has responded to this wish with "The Life of John Ericsson" (SAMPSON LOW). It is the record of a self-made man; for if ever anybody deserved to be called the architect of his own fortune it was ERICSSON. The world ought to know something of the habits, characteristics, and friendships of a man who, by his many scientific achievements, has made the world his debtor.

"SOME things are only known by their effects," says MR. ST. CLAIR BADDELEY in "Love's Vintage" (SAMPSON LOW), an attractive-looking volume of sonnets and lyrics. The immediate effect of a glance through his pages is to assure us that MR. BADDELEY, though quite young, is possessed of some power as a poet. We like very much the opening lines of an address to Byron:—

> "True poet!—since they cannot filch thy fires,
> They feign to scorn the thunders of thy verse;
> Then vex with puny rage their pigmy lyres,
> And fancy for the din thy fame the worse!"

The only other verse to note this week is a new volume of the collected edition of MR. ALFRED AUSTIN'S works, containing his tragedy of *Savonarola* (MACMILLAN), and the Aldine Edition of GEORGE HERBERT (GEORGE BELL), edited by the REV. A. B. GROSART.

IT is refreshing to find a book about Africa that has nothing to do with the STANLEY controversy. Such a book is MR. L. MONTEITH FOTHERINGHAM'S "Adventures in Nyassaland" (SAMPSON LOW). MR. FOTHERINGHAM is an agent of the African Lakes Company, and his book is a record of two years' struggle with Arab slave-dealers in Central Africa. In the neighbourhood of Nkonde, by the unremitting exertions of MR. FOTHERINGHAM and his party, the Arabs, instead of being paramount, are reduced to occupy a position neither prejudicial to the native nor hostile to the British missionary or trader. Other volumes of travel and adventure are "The Pacific Coast Scenic Tour" (SAMPSON LOW), by HENRY T. FINCK, which describes the journey from South California to Alaska; and "My Life with Stanley's Rear-Guard" (CHATTO & WINDUS), by MR. HERBERT WARD, whose clever book about the Congo Cannibals is in a second edition.

MR. EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER, the American novelist, has founded his story, "The Begum's Daughter" (SAMPSON LOW), on fact; otherwise it would have been difficult to believe that such an extraordinary personage as his Begum resided in New York two centuries ago. "The Curate of Rigg" (GRIFFITH, FARRAN) is also founded on fact, and is anonymous. It is the story of the persecution of a curate, and is written as a warning to "young men of a religious turn of mind, seeking about for a profession, who feel naturally drawn towards the Church." What else do "young men of a religious turn of mind," who take orders as they would a legacy or a sinecure, deserve except persecution? "The Christ that is to Be" (CHAPMAN & HALL) is a romance of two hundred years hence. The binding and size of the book are liker a scientific treatise than a volume of fiction; and the story is further distinguished by being addressed to an imaginary audience of Elizabeth's England. "Short Sixes," by H. C. Bunner (BRENTANO); "The Maid of London Bridge" (JARROLD), by SOMERVILLE GIBNEY, a story of the times of Kett's rebellion; and "The End of a Life" (ARROWSMITH), by EDEN PHILPOTTS, complete our list of one-volume fiction.

WE have hardly space enough barely to mention the more voluminous fiction of the week. MESSRS. TRISCHLER have issued in two volumes "Holly," by NOMAD, and in three volumes "An American Widow," by ALBERT KEVILL-DAVIES. "April's Lady" (F. V. WHITE), by the author of "Molly Bawn," and "Prisoners and Captives" (BENTLEY), by H. S. MERRIMAN, are in three volumes; and so are MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT'S new novels, "On Trust," by THOMAS COBB, the author of "Brownie's Plot;" "Her Love and His Life," by F. W. ROBINSON, and "Rupert Alison," by GERTRUDE FORDE, author of "In the Old Palazzo."

THE *Publishers' Circular* in its new form has now reached its third weekly issue, and it has already established a distinct position of its own, worthy of the enterprising firm by whom it is conducted. To those who wish to know what new books are appearing, their price and their character, and to those who wish to buy old books no longer to be found on the bookseller's shelves, the *Publishers' Circular* is equally useful and attractive. In short, to use the hackneyed phrase, it "supplies a long-felt want." Would that we could say as much of some more pretentious ventures!

THERE is a blunder in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* which is the less excusable as it is entirely gratuitous. In the article on the Letters and Journals of LADY MARY COKE, the reviewer, after quoting her record of the death of her mother, adds, "This entry is dated the 19th of April, so clearly the snow and the hard frost that LADY MARY records, and which proved so fatal to the poor DUCHESS JENNY, must have occurred at a time which the modern calendar places in the month of May." But the Duchess died in 1767, when the New Style had been adopted for fifteen years. The day, moreover, was not the 19th of April, but the 16th.

THE 19th of April, nevertheless, has been fatal to more distinguished persons than DUCHESS JENNY. It was the death-day of DARWIN and BEACONSFIELD. Many will remember the bleak, bitter weather which prevailed on the latter occasion, sufficiently trying to the healthy, and which may well have accelerated the death of the invalid.

WE have just received the first number of MR. STEAD'S new journal, *Help*, the "indispensable supplement" of the *Review of Reviews*. The preface affords a broad target to the scoffer; but that the paper comes to fill an existing gap is evident enough. Nothing, for instance, could be more to the purpose than its articles on "The Feeding of Starving

Scholars," and "Humanising the Workhouse." Work so obviously useful will almost persuade a man of taste to forgive the manner in which it is done.

THE death is announced of an old lady who was the last of the BRONTËS, of Ahaderg. This was ALICE, the youngest sister of the REV. PATRICK BRONTË, and the aunt of CHARLOTTE and EMILY BRONTË. She died on the 15th inst., at the age of ninety-five. There are still kinsmen and kinswomen of the famous author of "Jane Eyre" surviving; but they are more remote from her than the old lady whose name is now announced. MR. NICHOLLS, the husband of CHARLOTTE BRONTË, still survives.

MR. DU MAURIER is invited by an evening contemporary to show that he can approach THACKERAY as a writer as well as surpass him with the pencil. This is by way of reminding us that MR. DU MAURIER has written a novel and illustrated it himself. The illustrations we are quite prepared to find admirable, but as MR. DU MAURIER is an absolute novice in the art of fiction, his friends might be content to compare him beforehand with somebody a little less eminent than one of the English masters.

A REFORM in the English pronunciation of ancient Greek—favoured, we believe, by Professor FREEMAN, and revived by the British Minister at Athens in Monday's *Times*—is not such a simple matter as it may appear to be. The pronunciation used by the modern Greeks is not to be thought of—if only because it wholly effaces the metre of every line of ancient Greek poetry, and merges three vowels and three diphthongs in one simple vowel sound. The actual pronunciation of PERICLES or PLATO can only be very conjecturally restored; and though the restoration has been effected for Latin successfully, it has not been very generally adopted in England. Then what about accents? Some modern scholars—like the late PROFESSOR BERNAYS of Bonn, and, in a less degree, PROFESSOR BLACKIE—have, to some extent, adopted both accent and quantity. But if the accent is to stand for pitch, and not mere stress (as the ancient Greeks certainly treated it), the average learner can hardly be burdened with a new series of vocal exercises. "To learn to pronounce by accent and quantity together," the writer was once told, "you must begin by divesting yourself of your sense of shame." Anyone who will try, in public, to read Greek by pitch-accent and quantity combined, will soon feel convinced that the saying is true.

IT is a pity, no doubt, that cultivated people should not be able to read Italian: but, despite the protests MR. CHURTON COLLINS has drawn from MR. GLADSTONE, MR. MORLEY, two Heads of Houses at Oxford, and a Professor at Cambridge, we venture to doubt if it is a good subject for examination. A former teacher of it at Oxford used to tell his pupils that there was nothing hard in it except the pronouns; and though difficulty of attainment is not a necessary element in educational value, yet languages of very varying difficulty cannot well be put on a similar footing for purposes of examination. Despite PROFESSOR MIDDLETON'S testimony, we cannot think that examiners in general can really test the acquirements of candidates in it without a far more complex system of handicapping than prevails even in the Civil Service examinations. Of course, too, any educated person who wants to read Italian can easily do so by an expenditure of much less than the hundred hours which are said to be the indispensable minimum for the acquisition of "compulsory Greek" at Cambridge. But the language is not taught at public schools, and is taught by crammers; and we cannot quite banish an uneasy feeling that this, after all, may be the real cause of its abandonment by the Civil Service Commission.

JOHN HAMPDEN is gone, and there will be no more letters and wagers about the flatness of the earth. Newspaper editors were painfully familiar with MR. HAMPDEN'S scientific theories, and the public will remember how he lost £500 on a bet about the shape of our sphere, and how he pursued the umpire with disrespectful postcards. It seems that MR. HAMPDEN was learned in the lore of Scriptural prophecy. He was convinced that the millennium would begin not later than 1894, and he has had the satisfaction of dying in that persuasion. He also foretold that Jerusalem would become "the cockpit of Europe," and he held the opinion that all true Christians were outside the Churches. That such a man should be the lineal descendant of the HAMPDEN who died for English liberties suggests a quaint problem in heredity.

"ARE you anything of an astrologer, sir?" inquires a correspondent. "If so, you may perhaps thank me for calling your attention to the 'notable horoscope' of MR. W. T. STEAD in the *Astrologer's Magazine*. It must be interesting, if one could only interpret it; but, unfortunately for those of us who are unfamiliar with the science, the letterpress which accompanies the plan is mostly astrological in its terms, and a mere puzzle to the uninitiated. One is told, for example, that 'the lunar orb is in opposition' to MR. STEAD, that a sign in the shape of a half-moon 'signifies females,' and that 'at the present time he is under mixed influences.' Surely this were worth translation into the vulgar tongue! Is there no one who will explain the 'females,' 'the mixed influences,' and the unpleasantness (a mere tiff, it is to be hoped) that has arisen between MR. STEAD and the 'lunar orb'? The astrologer who has indited this dark and cabalistic page says himself, in conclusion, that 'there is much to be learned from an elucidation of it.' Assist me, sir, to the elucidation! The little unpleasantness with the 'lunar orb' might at any moment become serious, and no one here could contemplate, without feelings of alarm, the possibility of a downright shindy between that planet and MR. STEAD.

"APART from the importance of this particular case," continues our correspondent, "I scarcely think I need apologise for troubling you with a question concerning this fascinating science. A slight acquaintance with it would be invaluable to political and other leader-writers, nearly all of whom are 'splenetive and rash' in prophecy. They want, as GENERAL BOOTH or MR. STEAD might put it, to 'get' astrology. It is well known (to astrologers) that the Publicans' Endowment Bill, the death of the KING OF HOLLAND, MRS. HOGG'S murder, the MCKINLEY Tariff, and the O'SHEA divorce case, were all most accurately predicted by the learned in this great science."

SWEET indeed was the hoax of which some of our morning contemporaries and sundry of their evening imitators were the victims last Saturday. The report of the inquest on the DUKE OF BEDFORD was an effort of the imagination, not unworthy of the conductors of the original *Anti-Jacobin*. All the stock characters of the farcical inquest—the irascible coroner, the pertinaciously inquisitive juror, the witness who cannot understand a plain question—were brought into play; whilst CARLYLE and GENERAL BOOTH were quoted with an impartiality which shows that the penny-a-liner, to whom so many of the big and little lions of journalism succumbed last Saturday, was no ordinary man. The papers have not been more excellently hoaxed since the demise of the lamented PIGOTT.

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

WE hope that LORD SALISBURY slept well during his recent visit to Cambridge. We hear that many thoughtful Liberals of that town went round by Magdalen, and serenaded him. The words of the song were two only: "Hartlepool! Furness!" and it was repeated until the lights of the college were extinguished. But if the great statesman could not sleep, he might have occupied his mind by reflecting upon his unfortunate speech.

PRECEPT is nothing without example. On Monday last EARL DE LA WARR was not easy in his mind about the railway accident at Wortley, and had to be assured by LORD COLVILLE OF CULROSS that the accident was not referable to excessive hours of working. But how immeasurably a protest against excessive hours gains when it is backed, as on this occasion, by the example of those who protest! The Lord Chancellor took his seat on the woolsack at a quarter past four, and their lordships rose at twenty minutes to five.

POLITICS IN ITALY.

ROME, January 24, 1891.

PERHAPS more than one of the readers of THE SPEAKER will have suspected that when I said that the majority given by the electors to M. Crispi was large rather than reliable and compact, I was allowing myself to be influenced more by a spirit of opposition to the Minister than by a spirit of rigid observation—of a purely objective observation, as the Germans put it. For everyone said just the contrary. It was thought that the electoral body had declared for M. Crispi not merely by a majority, but almost with unanimity, and that nothing was more certain than his continuance at the head of the Government of his country. But events are beginning to justify my observations, and to prove that, in accordance with my custom, I stated, not what I desired to see, but what I saw.

M. Crispi has but himself to thank if his majority is beginning to dwindle. "Economy! Economy!" was the election cry, and M. Crispi promised economy in his speech. He had announced that the deficit for 1890–91 would only be 29 millions, and that that of 1891–92 would be less. We shall learn on the 28th what are the figures of these two deficits as given by the present Minister; but we are already certain that they will be much in excess of this estimate—and much in excess of what the Minister will quote. You are aware, no doubt, that the present Minister is not the one in whose name M. Crispi spoke; M. Gioletti having given in his resignation quite unexpectedly the day before the meeting of the Chamber, and M. Grimaldi having taken his place—an arrangement quite without precedent. Now, quite apart from the personality of the new Minister, this sudden change created a very bad impression, for it was believed that M. Crispi could not be decided, as he had declared himself, to make up the deficit by means of economies, in view of the fact that the Finance Minister, who had committed himself to the statement that he would make it up in no other way, had been obliged to leave him, being succeeded by a man who when last addressing the Chamber declared that taxes would be necessary.

This impression has not been dissipated sufficiently by the declarations which the new Minister has published in the papers, to the effect that he had come round in his opinion on the subject, and that he also would have recourse to no other remedy than that of economies in the State expenses. These declarations found the less credit, that one began to be convinced that the deficits were becoming much greater. The deputies grew alarmed. The country is entirely preoccupied with the financial and economic position, and from the commencement of the Administration one could not only see no signs that the position was being improved, but everything went to show that the exact contrary was the case; whilst the Government seemed not to be impressed sufficiently with the duties imposed upon them by this state of affairs.

The Chamber was prorogued after a few sittings. It rose for a month's vacation. It was hoped and believed that the Government would return with a complete scheme. It was expected, above all, that there would be submitted a financial statement giving the figures of the deficits, and specifying the economies by which they were to be made up—for taxation they would not hear of; and now this statement has been postponed till next week.

Members were on the look-out also for a law dealing with fiduciary circulation of the *banques d'émission*, which is very unsettled—to such an extent, indeed, that credit is not to be had in any business, or only on ruinous terms.

If the Ministry failed to bring forward the Bills expected from it, it has, on the other hand, introduced others which were quite unlooked for. You are aware that for administrative purposes Italy is divided into provinces, *circondarii* (cantons), and communes. What does M. Crispi do but propose to add one more division, that of *distretto*, or department, to be the largest of all. Our provinces vary much as to population and extent—in the former from 100,000 to 1,000,000 inhabitants, in the latter from 1,065 to 10,650 square kilomètres; but they are for the most part historical and very ancient divisions of territory. The population of each province look with affectionate eyes on the capital chosen out by their ancestors long ages back. This capital in most cases has historical associations, is perhaps rendered dear to them by glorious traditions. Now M. Crispi proposes to reduce the number of provinces by nineteen, thus bringing it down to fifty; and as each *distretto* must have at least 500,000 inhabitants, there will only be some thirty *distretti* altogether, some of them containing more than one province. At present there is a prefect, nominated by the Government, to each province; henceforth there would be one to each *distretto*. The provinces whose prefects should thus be taken away would continue to exercise their own administration—at least, up to a certain point—for the Government would maintain a supervision, and occasionally intervene. In many cases this supervision and intervention would continue to be exercised by the prefect, who would now be further removed from these provinces.

I need not tell you what excitement this Bill has produced, especially in those provinces that fear destruction, though to none is it satisfactory. It is not believed that the saving of two millions, on which the Minister counts as the result of this change, can possibly be realised, and members do not feel inclined to give him the authorisation he asks for to execute the new partition himself by means of a royal decree, on the mere report of a Commission composed of three Senators nominated by their colleagues, three deputies nominated by the Chamber, and three officials appointed by himself. And his powers are not to be limited to the creation of these *distretti* and to the distribution amongst them of the provinces. They are to extend to a further rearrangement of the *circondarii*, which are not to contain more than 100,000 inhabitants each in future.

I don't know whether there be a party in England that would dare to propose to cut up the country, or a Minister who would have the face to request authorisation to do so by himself. In Italy, where Parliament makes far greater concessions to the Executive than with you, M. Crispi would appear to have presumed too far. The Bill is down for Friday, and if I am not mistaken, the procedure involving three readings, which we have lately borrowed from you in a modified form, will be adopted in the discussion. Sixty speakers are already engaged to oppose it, and it is not certain that the power of the Minister is still strong enough to enable him to pass the second reading.

The opposition raised by this Bill has had the effect of causing other Bills brought forward at the same time by M. Crispi and his colleagues to be very badly received, or thrown out by the *bureaux* to which they were submitted. For we have also the French procedure of *bureaux*. Of these other Bills I shall say nothing, as they are not of sufficient interest to you. All that are of a political character are tainted by the same defect. M. Crispi asks for more power than members are prepared to entrust to him. He is a politician endowed with many qualities, but wanting in one very necessary one—moderation. Moreover, he has no grip of the questions which are dominant in Italy at the present moment. He does not attach sufficient importance to the equilibrium of the Budget, which he has done much towards jeopardising; and he cannot bring himself to believe that the economic crisis, which is harassing everyone, and of which everyone complains, is really so serious. He is one of those statesmen who are interested only in abstract questions of political or administrative character, and who think that what is of most importance is the reconstruction of some governmental organisation from a logical standpoint, so that we may respond to their ideas of what it should be. He is at bottom a Radical of the French stamp, modified by his conviction that a monarchy is necessary to his country. BONGHI.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

IRELAND AND MR. PARNELL.

SIR,—Having bought and read THE SPEAKER from Nos. 1 to 56, I naturally feel some interest in its future; but the last half-dozen numbers have been hard reading, and, unless a change comes, I must be content to skim your columns in a news-room, save my sixpence, and look for English Liberal opinion elsewhere, or perhaps, what may be better, ignore it altogether.

Many of us were glad, when THE SPEAKER first appeared, to welcome a journal which in courteous, moderate, and intelligent terms discussed public matters in which we were interested. It was hoped that the mantle of the *Spectator*, in its better days, had fallen upon you, and that your pages would convey the unbiassed convictions of the writers, and your journal in no degree fill the place of maid-of-all-work to a political party.

Unfortunately, in this Parnell matter you have gone the way of your fellow-Liberals in England; and, as one who on that subject differs from you altogether, I ask for a little space for remonstrance before parting company.

In your article on Mr. Morley's speech at Newcastle you acknowledged that "the Liberal Party took up the cause of Home Rule five years ago because it had at last slowly and reluctantly come to the conclusion that the Irish policy of the British people had been proved by the experience of eighty years to be a ghastly and hopeless failure." I have often maintained that the noblest act in English history was the victory your countrymen achieved *over themselves* in this acknowledgment that they had been wrong in their conduct towards Ireland. But surely your five-year-old confession of eighty-five (rather seven hundred) years of injustice should make you a little less dogmatic on the question of to-day; a little less sure that you are quite right in your reading of the merits of this Parnell affair; a less confident in your estimate of the drift of Irish opinion. Has not the attitude of the Liberal Party been just a little undignified in its outburst of anger against—a man? You justly say, "the nation cannot be confounded with the individual," but that is what Liberals have been doing for the past two months—confounding Mr. Parnell, the individual, with the cause of the nation you have wronged, and thereby inducing a situation which, in English opinion, has imperilled the prospects of Home Rule.

You may not agree with me, but I wish to point out that at this moment millions of Irishmen have confidence in Mr. Parnell as their political leader, and as the man most fitted to obtain for them Home Rule. In thinking so, they may be wrong, and the English Liberal Party may be right; but, considering your recent slow and reluctant conversion to our views, would it not be better to hesitate before confidently expressing an opinion?

Your remark that "all that is best in Irish life, the clergy, the educated laity, the men who have shown themselves strongest and most independent in the struggle for Home Rule, have turned their backs on" Mr. Parnell, is one of those hopeless and astounding statements that would make one despair—only that we have despaired long ago—of Englishmen ever comprehending Irish feeling and affairs. I am a Protestant Home Ruler of twenty years' standing, and I tell you that, as far as my observation, and that of most of my friends, go, "all that is best in Irish life," with comparatively little exception, is solid in support of Mr. Parnell's policy and of Mr. Parnell. The "mob" (a term the Tories use, and unworthy of THE SPEAKER) of "some Irish towns"—Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and Waterford—will give him not only their "cheers," but their *votes*, for votes they now have under the British Constitution, and they know how to use their votes in the cause of human liberty quite as effectively as do the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge.

And "the clergy." Pray when did the clergy—*quâ* clergy—ever support Irish nationality? Not at the Union; not at the defection of Keogh and Sadlier; not in Mr. Parnell's Parliamentary Campaign of 1880; or on the raising of the Parnell testimonial. Every time the Roman hierarchy have fought the Nationalists under Mr. Parnell, they have been overwhelmed with defeat and humiliation.

Cannot you English Protestants rub the scales from your eyes and behold the present uprising of Irish Catholics against their bishops as political leaders? Cannot you appreciate the fact that from the contact with free America and free England they are now thinking for themselves in politics? And cannot you see, as they see, the pitiable position in which Archbishops Walsh and Croke have placed themselves by their weak vacillation on this question?

I do not expect to convince you, but I would put it to you that, in the interests of good feeling between the two islands, of the cause of Home Rule, and of your own good standing, the use of such terms as "treason," "selfish treachery," "excesses," "actual crimes," etc., as applied to the *de facto* leader of Irish nationalism, are both inappropriate and mischievous. Pray let THE SPEAKER resume its better manner, and walk not in the ways of the *Saturday Review* and—Mr. Healy.—I am, yours faithfully, THOMAS HENRY WEBB.

Ardfallen, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.

[OUR correspondent ignores many things. He ignores the fact that Mr. Parnell has been removed from the Irish leadership by the Irish representatives themselves; he ignores the fact that it was not THE SPEAKER, but Mr. Parnell, who turned upon his political allies and attacked them with unrestrained fury and unequalled mendacity; and, above all, he has apparently not realised the true state of things in England. We grant the claim of Irishmen to know more of Irish feeling and opinion than Englishmen can do; but it is not less true that we in England are better judges of English opinion than Irishmen are. It is precisely because we know that Mr. Parnell is now inflicting upon the Home Rule cause an irreparable injury, and is deliberately striving to destroy that union between Irish and English Liberals on which depends the sole hope of Ireland, that we have felt constrained to set before Irishmen the truth about a situation which some of them, including our correspondent, grievously misunderstand. If they confound our plain statement of the truth with any wavering in our attachment to the cause of Irish freedom, they do us a grievous injury; but any misunderstanding of this kind is a mere trifle compared with the error which they commit in imagining that it would be possible for them to secure the support of the Liberals of Great Britain for a policy such as that which Mr. Parnell has advocated since his deposition.—ED.]

THE IMPROVEMENT OF LONDON.

SIR,—In common, I suppose, with most of your readers, I have read Mr. Shaw Lefevre's article on the Improvement of London with warm pleasure and interest. The scheme which he has sketched out for the conversion of our overgrown province of houses into a beautiful and symmetrical city is undoubtedly a great one, and I trust it will receive the attention it deserves both from the press and the public. No one who knows what has been accomplished in Paris and Vienna within the lifetime of the present generation can doubt that the realisation even of a dream so magnificent as that which fills the mind of Mr. Shaw Lefevre is well within the limits of the practicable. But if it is to be carried out, and if we are to see London made all that it ought to be as the chief capital of the world, the pressure of public opinion must of necessity be brought to bear upon our authorities both local and Imperial. Would it not be possible, I venture to suggest, to take some steps in order to evoke that opinion, and to bring it to bear in the right quarters? We have already many societies and leagues formed for the purpose of carrying out great public objects; surely a society for the improvement of London might be added to their number. At all events, I throw out the suggestion in the hope that it will meet with approval among those who have the power of carrying it into effect. Alike in the interests of rich and poor, the people of London ought to labour earnestly in order to bring about the realisation of some such scheme as that which has been advocated by Mr. Shaw Lefevre.—I am, etc., A CITIZEN.

SIR,—Articles appear from time to time on the improvement of London. Last week you printed an able letter from Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, and some time ago an article by Mr. Waterhouse. I venture to think that the time has arrived when those who take an interest in this matter should form themselves into a society to impress our opinions on those who have hitherto taken no interest in the matter. People are so accustomed to our narrow streets, our ignoble architecture, and our yellow fogs, that they are inclined to accept them as unavoidable evils. They can all be remedied, but the combined action of individuals is necessary to educate public opinion by means of lectures, maps, pictures, etc.; and if any others of your readers are of my opinion I shall be delighted to assist with a small subscription, or in any secretarial work that may be necessary.—Yours obediently,

HENRY B. COLLINS.

January 27th.

THE RELATION OF ART TO IMMORALITY.

SIR,—In his notice of Professor Dowden's new edition of Shelley, which appeared in last week's SPEAKER, your reviewer expresses his disdain for the "crude" notions of Mr. Dowden of the "relationship of morality to art." Indeed, he says that they are "too crude to be worth discussing." I presume it would not be disrespectful to your reviewer to regard his contemptuous dismissal of these conventional ideas of art and morality as being highly worthy of discussion. The ideas of any writer in the columns of THE SPEAKER on art and morality—or, rather, immorality—are a matter of serious moment to many of us.

I think I understand the claim which those of your reviewer's school put forth, that art should find its subjects, without any restriction, over the whole range of human life, and that no vileness (I speak conventionally, of course) should disqualify an episode for artistic treatment; and that, consequently, to pourtray the incestuous (or unconventional, is it?) loves of a brother and sister is no blot upon a well-executed poem or other work of art. It is the gospel of Zola. But Englishmen, at any rate, have an alternative in the art gospel of John Ruskin. The choice between these two masters turns upon the question whether there is any *ethos* which conditions true art; whether an artist (including the poet under the larger term) can be guilty of any immorality —*quoad* artist—except the immorality of bad technique, defective composition, and incorrect facts.

I am afraid that as men are said to be Aristotelians or Platonists by a congenital bias towards realism or idealism, so we must be content to divide modern readers and writers into those whose gorge rises, involuntarily, at pictures of incest and swinish adultery, howsoever artistic the pourtrayal, and those who regard these things with equanimity, untroubled by any such obstinate moral questionings, so long as the craft of the artist be manifest in the composition. But I wonder if your reviewer would accept one suggestion of mine as to the means whereby he may triumphantly assert his possession of the courage of his convictions. I am informed that certain cutaneous diseases, conventionally termed loathsome by the vulgar, display the most astonishing schemes of colour—far more gorgeous than the fungi of our moist woods—deep rich combinations, diaphanous and inimitable chromatic markings, prismatic shades fining off into those nameless tints revealed in the polarisation of light (I hope I am disguising well my squeamish stomach while writing of these gangrenes and ulcers, and what not); now, if a well-executed and realistic painting of these efforts of diseased human nature at high colouring were respectfully presented to your reviewer, would he hang it among the art treasures of his dining-room? Or, is it only at physical sores and abominations that he would draw the line?—I am, yours faithfully,

Holly Park, Crouch Hill, N., WILLIAM PIERCE.
January 26th.

A BALLAD FOR BIRMINGHAM.

["Is there any price Mr. Gladstone would not pay for 86 Irish votes? . . We had a Reform Bill five years ago, and I should have thought that that might have lasted at all events for a few years longer. But if the opinion of the country be in favour of a new Reform Bill, I am quite sure that the Unionist Party will be quite ready to meet any generally expressed desire. . . . I regret (interruption)—I cannot understand that gentleman; he speaks with such an Irish brogue—I regret the result of the Hartlepool election."—MR. CHAMBERLAIN, at Birmingham, January 27th.]

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, Joe Chamberlain, when all the world was young,
When the *Philadelphia Ledger* used to furnish you with quips,
We cheered you (it was foolish, I admit it), and we hung
With a passionate devotion on your lily-scorning lips.
For you told us, while we clapped you, that the Radicals must win
When matched against the lily-lords who neither toil nor spin.

But the world is growing older; you have aged with it, of course:
Your nerveless hands no longer wield, as once they did, a sword;
And the voice that rose in fury pipes its solos of remorse,
Finding virtue in a coronet and merit in a lord.
Your claws are pared, your teeth are drawn, you love the lily-crew,
Who return the pretty compliment by tolerating you.

It was Joe who talked of Poland, said the Castle-lot must go,
And convinced us that a Tory was an idiot crossed with rogue;
Now the Balfour you detested gets his sweetest smiles from Joe—
Joe, who cannot understand them when they "speak with such a brogue."
And the lion taunts the unicorn no more about the crown,
Since the rioters of Aston with the Hopkinses lie down.

Once you rode upon the whirlwind, once you thundered in the storm,
Once your speech was loud for freedom, and Coercion had your curse;
Now you babble law-and-order, and you deprecate Reform,
And would cure the ills of Ireland with the bulky British purse.
Principles are merely playthings, which can always be arranged,
They are counters, so you tell us, and, like counters, can be changed.

So farewell, most wordy Joseph, you who prate to us of "price"
(There is *one* we would not purchase, though he cost but half a groat).
Be as bitter as you please, sir, but when next you give advice,
Tell us what you think of Joseph, shifty Joe who turned his coat.
And to all your store of old ones add another patent plan
For the puffing up of Chamberlain, who lately killed Queen Anne.

R. C. L.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, January 30th, 1891.

THOUGH few people care for poetry, and though a new poet has to wait long for his laurels in England, in America both singers and the love of song seem much more popular. America has lately lost two great lyrists—lost them before their very names were heard of in our country. One was Miss Emily Dickinson, whose remains Mr. Howells has applauded, and has found to be in themselves a justification of America's literary existence. These poems have reached a third edition: but while the term "edition" now means 100 copies, and now 10,000, this fact tells us very little. Judging Miss Dickinson's work by Mr. Howells' specimens, her muse was *super grammaticum*, and was wholly reckless of rhyme. Here is an example:—

"I died for beauty, but was scarce
Adjusted in the tomb
When one who died for truth was lain
In an adjoining room.

"He questioned softly why I failed.
'For beauty,' I replied.
'And I for truth—the two are one;
We brethren are,' he said.

"And so, as kinsmen met a night,
We talked between the rooms,
Until the moss had reached our lips,
And covered up our names."

Here, of course, "replied" does not rhyme to "said"; it is not even in assonance, any more than "names" and "rooms" are in assonance or in rhyme. Aristotle says that the ultimate Democracy is remarkable for the licence it permits to women and to children. Miss Dickinson, like Mrs. Browning,

though she was not learned like Mrs. Browning, took great licence with rhymes. Possibly the poetry of Democracy will abound more and more in these liberties. But then the question will arise, Is it poetry at all? For poetry, too, has its laws, and if they are absolutely neglected, poetry will die. This may be of no great moment, as there is plenty of old poetry in stock, but still one must urge that lawless poetry is skimble-skamble stuff, with no right to exist. As to the piece quoted, Mr. Howells says, "How could any phrase nominate its weird witchery aright?" Perhaps the phrase "nonsense," or "fudge," will do well enough. What does the corpse mean by "failing for beauty"? Did it die because it was not pretty? Or did it die for love of the beauty of some other person? And, if the dead bodies could go on conversing for a considerable time, why did they relapse into silence when the moss "had reached their lips, and covered up their names"? Moss does not, in fact, grow inside graves, and how could any development of moss on the tombstone affect these conversational corpses? A poem may be nonsense and yet may be charming, like Mr. William Morris's "Blue Closet," which has the inconsequence of a dream. But a poem like the poem of the dead bodies is unrhymed nonsense, which would be Heine if it could.

Another work by another American poet lately dead is Mr. Saltus's "Witch of Endor" (Moulton, Buffalo). An American critic exclaims: "There was never such a book of poems published as 'The Witch of Endor'; it is the Bible in verse almost." One prefers the Bible in prose, and we have heard already of one who

> "Broke into blank the Gospel of Saint Luke,
> And boldly pilfered from the Pentateuch."

The late Mr. Saltus, who died in his fortieth year, "wrote everything, from a squib and couplet to a poem and grand opera." "There is such an academy of colour, such a Niagara of rhyme, such an Amazon of melody, and such splendid genius in 'The Witch of Endor,' that we pause in awe above it," says its critic. He gives an example of the colour, the Niagara, and the Amazon, which may be quoted:—

"This is the Witch of Endor, speaking of Saul:—

> "'And on my couch, adorned in shesh and scarlet,
> I dreamed of him in exquisite unrest;
> While love had, dove-like, nestled in my breast,
> And purified the soul of me, a harlot.'
>
> . . . . .
>
> "'Erect, a tower of strength, in vigour peerless,
> Taller than all the people by his side,
> I saw him through his populous cities ride
> In *virile splendour, arrogant and fearless.*'
>
> . . . . .
>
> "'Before him, bathed in unguents most delicious,
> Draped in rich jewelled robes, I often knelt,
> But his imperious glances never dwelt
> Upon me prostrate, *in shy ways ambitious.*'"

This is, assuredly, a new kind of Witch of Endor, and very unlike Fuseli's. It is agreeable to learn that Potiphar's wife used to visit the tomb of Joseph, and ask him to "recall the languorous and ecstatic days when first she feasted eyes upon his charms"—the last thing that Joseph's mummy could recall with any satisfaction. Indeed, he said—

> "Away, thou spectre harlot, give me peace."

Judas, according to this unauthorised version, was in love with Mary Magdalene, and "implored her to make her tent with me," and urged by fears mysterious, requested her to cross Tiberias. Unfortunately the critic does not quote "Lot's Wife," which "is a tremendous thing, with its Sodom Warriors' Song." Of course it is impossible to appreciate Mr. Saltus's work by these specimens, but we wait for it with anxiety. America has also been enriched of late by Mr. Stoddart's new poem, "The Lion's Cub," from which this fragment of a lyric may be extracted:—

> "Never till now did I hear
> In this close atmosphere
> Of wind and whistling sand,
> Or, hearing, understand,
> The spells that in Music be;
> Nor by what secret laws
> The soul of man she draws,
> As the orb of the Moon the Sea.
>
> "Round after round
> Of the ladder of sound
> I follow her higher, higher;
> Like an arrow of light
> Shot over the Night,
> By the Morning's bow of fire."

Mr. Stoddart, at least, is not superior to rhyme, and he seems to have remembered Shelley's "Cloud."

There is clearly more encouragement for poets in America than at home. Mr. Besant, in the *Author*, even proves to them how slight is their chance of immortality. Of certain authors, not so very long dead, he says, "How little do we really know of their work and personality! Who now regardeth Crabbe, who readeth Hogg?" Well, Mr. Courthope, for one, regardeth Crabbe, and Crabbe is indeed well worthy of our regard. If he is not read, that is the fault of mere indolence and ignorance. An age which favours Zola and Dostoievsky, yet ignores Crabbe, must be unaware that Crabbe did in good verse what those foreign authors do in prose. He shows us that "awful, awful Poor Man's Country" of Thackeray, whose inhabitants are now invading the lands of prosperity.

Mr. Birrell, in a fine apostrophe, has asked, "What, in the name of the Bodleian, has the General Public to do with Literature?" But everyone who has to do with literature, has to do with Crabbe. As for Hogg, "who readeth him?" His countrymen sing his songs, at least. Moreover, as Mr. Walter Scott has published a shilling volume of Hogg's poems, including "Kilmeny," I presume that people do read him. It is certainly strange that a public which admires Mr. Stevenson's stories should neglect Hogg's book, which is so like them in some ways, and which is as good as they are, "The Confessions of a Justified Sinner." This was an unlucky book, published (by Longmans) at a bad time; a time of riots and disturbance. Then it was attacked by religious people, quite without just cause. Then it was altered, its name was changed, and it was bundled into the large collected edition of Hogg's prose, an unwieldy pair of tomes, where it is lost among things of much less merit. Like Mr. Saintsbury, and without being aware of his opinion, I have felt almost convinced that, in the "Confessions," Lockhart lent a helping hand to Hogg. Perhaps some enterprising publisher may give "The Sinner" another chance. But a book once dead rarely comes to resurrection. It is not the fault of Hogg, who so strangely and unexpectedly anticipated Mr. Stevenson on the path of supernatural Scotch romance and abnormal psychology. For one, I do not think that Hawthorne has surpassed "The Confessions of a Justified Sinner." Mr. Besant adds that Lockhart, except for his "Life of Scott," "is no more than a name." Can this really be true? Are "Adam Blair" and "The Life of Burns" forgotten? Mr. Henry James has paid a tribute to "Adam Blair," the father of "The Scarlet Letter," though Hawthorne probably knew nothing of the spiritual ancestor. As to Hogg's "personality," one fancied that no man of letters was better known than the Shepherd. Not to know it is a great loss in literary experience. Literary immortality, as Mr. Besant says, is indeed becoming "very limited." The voices of the dead are drowned in the discords of the living.

A new work on Mrs. Thrale has much to say about Baretti. His story, like all stories, is probably forgotten. A woman of the town assailed him; he drove her away; he was attacked by three bullies. "Being a very timid man," as Dr. Birkbeck Hill says, he ran, and was pursued. He then stabbed two of the men, one of whom died, with a small knife which he carried in his pocket. At his trial, Topham Beauclerk gave evidence that such knives were always carried abroad, where hotel-keepers supplied forks but no knives. As Garrick said, in his evidence, if we had no knives abroad, we should have had no victuals. The fatal weapon had a silver handle, and was kept in a shagreen case. By accident I lately bought such a knife, with a silver handle, and in a green shagreen case mounted with silver. The steel blade, of some three inches and a half in length, is extremely keen, and sharply pointed. I could not understand what its use might have been before it became a paper-cutter. Clearly this was the kind of knife universally carried abroad, when hotel-keepers trusted their guests with none. Let fancy feign that it was the knife of Baretti.

A. L.

REVIEWS.

EUROPE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

Storia dell' Europa durante la Rivoluzione Francese dal 1789 al 1795. Vol. I. Luigi XVI. e Maria Antonietta (1774-1788). R. Bonghi. Roma: Paravia. 1890.

SIGNOR BONGHI has succeeded admirably in condensing within a small space an enormous mass of ideas and facts, and with this little volume has begun a work of great importance, which we hope to see completed at no very distant date. On his return last year to the professorial chair in the University of Rome which he had ceased for some time to occupy, this distinguished statesman commenced a course of lectures on the French Revolution, and now publishes those which have been already delivered. The opening lecture exhibits immediately, in eloquent terms, the author's high ideal of an historian's office, and the breadth of view with which he regards the course of events that he undertakes to narrate. The present volume stops at the threshold of 1789, and treats of the influences preceding the revolution—influences which the author divides into ideal and real (*precedenti ideali e precedenti reali*). He considers the ideal influences or motors, not in the popular mind which was impressed by them, but in the writers and principal thinkers from whom the influence emanated. A power of this kind cannot be exercised directly, except over the cultivated and wealthy classes; it cannot be exercised directly on the "masses." From the former class it gradually travels downwards to the latter, and there produces effects and manifestations very different from those which the cultivated class could foresee. Of the writers whose influence was destined to extend most widely he selects four—Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot; and judges rightly that even in so short a book there is nothing disproportionate in giving four chapters to these four writers, each of these four chapters being a model of its kind. With a master-hand he weighs the life and writings of these precursors of the revolution, and examines the spirit of each in relation to the times and surroundings in which they lived, and to the influences which they felt and which they exercised. In Montesquieu he sees the most thoughtful and serious spirit of them all, and after an acute examination of his theories, recognises in the polished writer and bold thinker also a more constructive genius than that possessed by any of the others, who had more faculty for destruction than for reconstruction. He attacked the order of things then existing in France almost involuntarily; his heart and mind drove him onwards. However much he may have desired his words to take effect, he certainly did not foresee the effect which they had, at least in part. He felt and enjoyed his share among the privileged classes, and he loved the rich, brilliant, scornful society in the midst of which he lived. Had he wished to be a reformer, he would have wished his work to be slow, for no one was less a revolutionist at heart than he. He, who before anyone else and more than anyone else awoke the desire for change, would have wished the law to be touched with a trembling hand; but when the hour for change was come, it came with suddenness and violence.

A very different spirit was Voltaire, of whom Signor Bonghi draws a striking portrait. There was no form of literature which he did not attempt, and of which he did not seem to be master; and though, as poet, historian, or philosopher, he never reached real excellence, yet as a writer of prose he was and will always remain marvellous. "But to follow the writer is not enough; one must trace also the man. And the man was far more complex and varied than the writer. It is hard indeed to seize him among his many changes; every phase is transitory. If you say, 'This is he,' behold, he is another. He is full of sudden wrath and of prudent calculation. He is unduly obsequious and incredibly insolent. He is a courtier and would wish never to live away from the court, but as soon as he is near it and enjoys court favour, he acts so as to be forced to leave it. He is an enemy of the Church, yet he is as covert as possible in his attacks upon her, and several times in his life he shows himself openly devoted to her and observant of her rites. He is timid, but is never at peace unless he is constantly in danger. He says more than he wishes to say. He is open-handed, yet greedy of money and mean in acquiring and keeping it. Kind-hearted, and still capable of every form of calumny, deceit, and even cruelty against his enemies. Telling lies, even cowardly lies, costs him nothing, but he has an irrepressible love of truth. He has a high opinion of himself; nevertheless, the humblest man of letters would scorn to imitate his pliancy. His pride and his servility both surpass those of others. In a word, he is the most curious psychological problem to be met with by a critic. The more you look at him, the more enigmatical he becomes; and of course when this is the case people might go on talking about him for ages, no two arriving at the same conclusion. He will be always an object of immense hatred to some, to others of profound devotion, as Manzoni said of a far greater man. Yet though the pinnacle on which he stood and still stands might explain this hatred, it does not suffice to explain the devotion. A man of this stamp is not calculated to inspire a strong and enthusiastic attachment—a writer, above all, is not wont to inspire it. This love, and the hate which is opposed to it, spring up only when the man and the writer has cut to the quick with thought and pen the interests and prejudices of society."

In this portrait we find summarised the description given of the work and writings of this singular man, with regard to whom Signor Bonghi concludes his judgment in the following remarkable words:—

"What impression does this man leave on your minds? I have described him, I hope, as he was, without emphasis, though no man lends himself more than he does to emphatic description. I believe that I have neither added nor taken away anything. I have endeavoured that this man, who excites so many passions, should excite none in me. Well, the impression he leaves on me is of greatness and littleness at once. Above all, he leaves me cold and indifferent. Too many things which he derided are still living in my heart, and perhaps in yours, and I have no wish to part from them. Much that he destroyed it was well should be destroyed, and we cannot deny that he cleared the ground for new constructions in the field of social progress; but the ruins which he made have shaken more profoundly the human spirit than the reconstructions encouraged by him have assisted its onward progress."

Equally interesting is the chapter on Rousseau. While examining the qualities of his mind, Signor Bonghi observes that if there was a great deal of the madman about him, yet also every day of his life made it more evident that in this madman there was

a genius hidden, and this very tendency to paradox was a sign of his native power of thought and research. "Whether well or ill, he made deep furrows; and, above all, the plough was his own." Among his works the author, after a passing notice of "La Nouvelle Héloïse"—"a poisonous book, and far worse than many novels which may be apparently more obscene"—pauses to expound the theories of "Émile" and "Le Contrat Social," the doctrines of which were soon to show their practical effects, and from which there peeped forth a feeling hitherto unknown, the feeling of the great masses of the people of their rights and their power.

Diderot is the last of the writers in whom Signor Bonghi personifies, as it were, the ideal influences of the Revolution, and to him he gives more space, estimating the various and often conflicting ideas to be found in his works, ideas which present themselves the more easily under different lights, inasmuch as he has left no one book in which his views are systematically expounded. One may rather say of him that he has shed rays of light, sometimes true and sometimes false, here and there, but without any effort to concentrate them. But Diderot's action as a writer was not wholly or solely a personal one, for by means of the *Encyclopédie* it was joined to that of all contemporary French writers, and became its centre. Every science, doctrine, or fact was treated with the utmost freedom, in the effort to place before the human intellect the extent of its power and the picture of its riches, while at the same time emancipating it from all prejudice.

Thus in the four names of Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot, Signor Bonghi recognises the strength of the attack made by new or newly propounded ideas on the existing order of things, which then formed the basis of society:—

> "If such a wave of thought had not found resistance in facts, it would have quietly destroyed the old order which opposed it, and have established in its stead, as far as possible, the new; the wave would have flooded a wide plain. But this could not happen. The old order was fighting for its life, and the plain was interrupted by too many hillocks. Yet the attack grew fast and furious, and the wave rose ever higher, with foam and thunder, till it had reached, beaten in, and penetrated to the very bowels of those hills. And just in France, where the attack was most violent, we find also the defence most gallantly and blindly carried on."

It may be said that the history of this defence constitutes what Signor Bonghi calls the *precedenti reali*, or the real influences preceding 1789. They provide matter for the second part of this volume, which, though longer, we shall treat briefly, as it consists merely of a narrative of events. An account of the government of France before the accession of Louis XVI., of the condition of the people and of the power and action of the king in the State, serves as an introduction; then follows a chapter full of subtle observations regarding Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette before they ascended the throne, and another on the first years of their reign. The unsuccessful economical efforts of Turgot are narrated with great sympathy by Signor Bonghi, who, in spite of the pressure of material, hurries on through the painful agitation of home politics in France from 1776 to 1783, and then, by way of digression, treats of the American War of Independence in order to examine what was its influence on the great movement then taking place in France. The last chapters of the book are devoted to a study of the action of the Court, the Government, and of public opinion in France during the last years preceding the convocation of the États Généraux, with the announcement of which the volume closes, leaving us impatient for a second one, promised to us shortly by the author. It is in the highest degree desirable that this work should be completed, and we cannot but regret that the author has been obliged again to interrupt his lectures in the Roman University. But, as he himself says, nothing need prevent his writing the lectures, even should he not deliver them, and in this hope we take leave of him, trusting soon to see the termination of a work holding forth such unusual promise of deep and original thought.

EARLE'S ENGLISH PROSE.

ENGLISH PROSE: ITS ELEMENTS, HISTORY, AND USAGE. By John Earle, M.A., Rawlinsonian Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1890.

"SOME few," said Lord Bacon, speaking of books, "are to be chewed and digested." Professor Earle's book belongs of right to this limited class. It is a scholarly work, worthy of the best traditions of the University, informed with a kind of scholarship that generally dies with its possessor from want of any efficient motive or occasion for publication. The volume is packed with discussions of nice points long pondered over, supported by instances collected during years of quiet, leisurely, wide, and observant reading. Such works are oftener projected than executed by the scholar. There is all the more reason to welcome them when they come.

Mr. Earle has been saved from the scholar's curse of ineffectual accumulation by having a purpose and a workable plan. His purpose has been the practical one of helping whoever wants to write good English prose, acting as guide, philosopher, and friend to all whose endeavour lies that way. And his plan has been the tolerably obvious and simple one of making an analysis or division of the various conditions of good prose, which should serve as a set of pigeonholes into which he might gather points, new and old, for the consideration of the intending writer.

When we say that the idea of having a departmental plan is obvious, we do not mean that the particular arrangement adopted by Mr. Earle is obvious. This has been carefully considered; it is his own, and is one of the chief grounds on which he claims attention. The book differs from ordinary works on Composition chiefly in being more comprehensive and more discursive. It is not a simple manual. Its object is rather to suggest and discuss lines of study than to formulate rules and precepts. It is not dogmatic, and it does not pretend to be exhaustive. Indeed, Mr. Earle is so anxious to avoid the appearance of dogmatism, so fearful of incurring the reproach of professing to teach the whole art of writing in a few lessons, and so discursive under each of the various heads of his wide subject, that he often seems to lose sight of his purpose of practical serviceableness. But he does keep driving at this purpose, though he drives with a loose rein.

When a new book appears on a hackneyed and contentious subject such as the art of writing, a very fair test of its importance is the extent to which it succeeds in reconciling conflicting opinions. The mere fact of looking for a golden mean shows that the writer is a stage further forward than if he had committed himself blindly to one side. Mr. Earle believes that writing good prose is an art, and that a man's natural powers may be improved by a sedulous study of the conditions of good prose. Otherwise he would not have written the present treatise. And yet he can quote with approval Cobbett's advice to his nephew, "Never stop to make choice of words: put down your thoughts in words just as they come." Here Mr. Earle seems to range himself with those who hold that the less you think about rules and conditions, the better you are likely to write. Why then compose an elaborate book in which the art of writing is treated analytically and synthetically, and professedly for the guidance of the artist? The inconsistency is only on the surface. Mr. Earle's theory is that at the moment of performance the writer should not pause to consider rules and conditions: that he should acquire a habit of writing unhesitatingly, once he has duly thought out his subject, putting down the words as they come; that in this way only can a writer secure simplicity, directness, and unity of diction as distinguished from "superficial curiosity of phrase and whimsical word-ornamentation." The studies which are to reconcile this with the demands of art, and make the ready pen effective and delightful to the measure of the writer's powers, are to be conducted apart. After due consideration of the theories and

practice of Mr. Pater and Gustave Flaubert, Mr. Earle "gives his voice deliberately in preference for a low degree of literary consciousness at the moment and in the act of composition." "It is by the minimising of consciousness that a whole Style is produced, free from caprice and mannerism and zigzag." As ideals of "a whole Style," he names, incidentally, Dryden and Johnson and Newman.

Such is Mr. Earle's theory. It is at least plausible. It certainly does not err on the side of leniency to the ambitious beginner, as making light of the task before him. For if that much-counselled person is to make such a study of the English language in its length and breadth as Mr. Earle recommends, and add to this vast amount of scholarly accomplishment an easy and flexible faculty of writing offhand, it is clear that he must begin young. If he does begin young, the preliminary studies and exercises sketched by Mr. Earle, studies grammatical, philological, and literary, which are calculated to develop powers of thought as well as mere linguistic acquirement, ought to help rather than hinder facility of expression. We take it that it is really to those who have charge of our higher school and college education that Mr. Earle's book is addressed. The literary man already in the practice of his craft is likely to feel that many of Mr. Earle's suggestions, however excellent in themselves, come too late, unless he has already gone some way in the direction recommended. He could hardly be expected to begin the study of Anglo-Saxon and Middle English, to explore the sources of our tri-lingual wealth, and master the precise colour of nearly synonymous Saxon, Romanic, and Latin derivatives, to acquaint himself with the exact force of symbolic and formative elements, and to learn to distinguish fine shades in the present usage of words by a reference to their history. A full-fledged writer would not easily find leisure for the systematic pursuit of such minute studies, and he might not think them worth the labour. One may acknowledge this, and yet recognise that if a schoolboy or college undergraduate were exercised as Mr. Earle proposes, it would be a decided help to him in writing English prose. And having had a basis laid for such studies at an early stage, the man of letters would probably find it profitable to keep up and extend his knowledge.

We may thus, in effect, regard Mr. Earle's book as a plea for a large place being given to English in education. This, at least, seems to be part of his intention, and whether he intends it or not, he makes out a good case for this. Our language is never stationary; it continually wants renewing; why not draw upon our own reserves? His treatise may be commended specially to the careful consideration of educational reformers. But, indeed, it is full of suggestion for everybody interested in the art of writing. Nothing could be less pedantic than Mr. Earle's treatment of the subject. It is full of dialectic life, tempered by the most charming courtesy. We have never read a book in which so many disputed and disputable propositions were advanced with so unaffected a modesty, so genuine a desire to do every justice to opponents, combined with such keen delight in argument and avoidance of anything like unreasoned paradox. So scrupulous is Mr. Earle in rendering to every man his own, that even in the case of the proof-corrector, who generally gets more gibes than compliments, he does not accept a hint without making handsome acknowledgment.

Mr. Earle mentions in one of his chapters that the word "suggestive" had a run of popularity for a time, but has lately gone somewhat out of fashion. It is a pity, for the word is a useful word, and would serve excellently to describe his own treatise. He seems to have watched current literature for years, on the outlook for everything bearing on the art of the prose-writer. No fly has buzzed about the subject without being invited into his parlour for discussion. He is suggestive on every point that he touches, and in our opinion conclusive on many.

GEORGE MEREDITH'S GENIUS.

George Meredith: Some Characteristics. By Richard Le Gallienne, with a Bibliography by John Lane. London: Elkin Matthew. 1890.

As a rule, books of the nature of Mr. Le Gallienne's laudatory volume are better written when the subject can scan them, not on earth, but in Hades; for the world of ghosts, as the theosophists tell us, are free from the jealousy that animates the flesh. The great man dead is so imposing that the enthusiasts who treasure up his hats and boots are obviously only answerable to themselves for their idiocy; but Tom, Dick, and Harry, in huzzaing lustily the living hero, like ragamuffins waving their caps from the top of the statue they have scaled, are apt to exhibit him in the most powerful of all lights—the ridiculous. To the credit of Mr. Le Gallienne and Mr. Lane, their book does not place Mr. Meredith in this light; and with the exception of one or two passages, such as the concluding sentence of p. 168, and the wholly superfluous note on page xxviii., their literary consciences are free from reproach. Mr. Lane's Bibliography could hardly be bettered; it is full of interesting and curious matter, all tending to show how much may be written on the work of one man without creating any demand for his work. Mr. Le Gallienne's criticism is well written and good reading, and in his seven essays he quotes his author happily enough to send the initiated back to his "Beauchamp" and the uninitiated hurriedly to his bookseller. The remarks on Meredith's poetry and style strike us as happier than the appreciation of Meredith as a whole. Also, if too much can be said about "The Egoist," Mr. Le Gallienne may claim to have said it. Others may decide the point, but our taste would have welcomed something on the score of Meredith's relation to the age in place of certain comments on the gifts of Sir Willoughby. Posterity may, as Mr. Le Gallienne suggests, "in its quiet way, go up to the shelf and lay its hand on 'Modern Love,'" but with a "quietness," we may add, that betokens absent-mindedness. Further, it is only friendly to hint that our author might have committed himself a little more in his chapter entitled "The Critics," and by overthrowing the National Reviewer and not merely tilting with him, have more fully vindicated the acuteness of "the certain honourable minority."

It is interesting for those who do not remember the publication of the early novels to see from Mr. Lane's Bibliography the order of issue. The first, "Richard Feverel," seems to us to be at once Meredith's greatest success and greatest failure. The attempt to bend the realities to a central idea was Meredith's *crux:* the bottom of the plot falls out, so to speak, in the struggle, though the strength of the design remains. Meredith, after this, seems to have given up squaring facts to ideas in literature, and to have stuck closely to drawing ideas out of reality; and rightly, for it is there his power lies. But his next three novels, "Evan Harrington," "Sandra Belloni," and "Rhoda Fleming," admirable as they are, must be ranked lower than the rest. "Evan Harrington," the most brilliant and witty of the nine, may be styled a series of sketches from the life; "Sandra Belloni" is too confused in matter, too lifelike in its sudden changes of plot, to produce anything but bewildered admiration in the reader's mind; whilst "Rhoda Fleming," as rich in exquisite character-studies, is perhaps even more confusing, and is not without a theatrical or even a melodramatic tinge. It is true that to disentangle the threads of the fifth and sixth novels, "Vittoria" and "Harry Richmond," needs rather more than the average man can bring to the task; but in "Vittoria" the author's love of abruptness, and, as we may phrase it, concentrated expansion, is for once justified by his theme—"Vittoria" mixes the intricacies of Italian politics and the smoke of Italian battlefields. And again in "Harry Richmond," the manœuvres of Roy are nobler game to follow than

the cunning of Mr. Pole and the subtleties of the Rookfield ladies in "Sandra Belloni." With Meredith's last three novels, "Beauchamp's Career," "The Egoist," and "Diana of the Crossways," the fault of obscurity cannot be found. Even "Beauchamp's Career," a novel surely as artless as ever genius wrote, is plain and simple, turning as it does on a particular development of English politics, the hour when the Tory ark was threatened by the democratic deluge. And in "Diana of the Crossways," the restrictions which considerations of historical time and place imposed on the author, compelled him possibly to a partial elimination of facts and fancies not contributing local colour. Lastly, in "The Egoist," the reader's attention throughout is constantly directed to the figure of Sir Willoughby Pattern. Here Meredith for once found in his work a central idea which he could develop artistically without departing one jot from the "Reality sacred" to him.

As to the objections raised by so many readers against Meredith's uncompromising style, we agree with Mr. Le Gallienne, that the fault is in the reader. To assert that the novels should be stripped of their irritatingly brilliant language and clothed in ordinary English is only a roundabout way of saying that we think the same effect should be produced in a different way. Browning, translated into the vulgar tongue, is unbearable, as we see in the Browning handbooks; but Meredith's realism in ordinary hands would be flatter than flat champagne. If the point were analysed, we should find that they who object to Meredith's style are in reality protesting against the force of his personality; they dislike the mind, but find it easier to fall foul of the expression. We are inclined to think that it will be with Meredith in the future as it is to-day with one or two of his superiors, and notably with Shakespeare—that is to say, nobody who is competent to grasp his meaning will quarrel with his manner; and he who is incapable is much better left untroubled by text-books.

To a consideration of the shortcomings of his subject Mr. Le Gallienne devotes no space; and as the book is entitled "Some Characteristics," we cannot quarrel with him for making no critical deductions from his analysis of Meredith's philosophy of life. Mr. Le Gallienne's discretion is perhaps a shade greater than his modesty. If we say that Meredith exhibits too subtle a pleasure in noting down the phases of the British nature between 1850 and 1890, that is perhaps only praising him as a novelist; but, on the other hand, to say that his poetry is most valuable when didactic is to say that he is not a poet at all. It is futile to attempt to define poetry, but it is useful to distinguish between the poetry and the versified prose of a great writer. Further, though it is fatuous to assert that such and such a philosophy is one that from its nature cannot be held by a great poet, it is easy to show that a certain point of view may be the ruin of a poet. To us, Meredith's many poetical gifts—his delicate sense of colour and form, his love of Nature, and his vivid imagination—are all negatived by his philosophy, his devotion to "sacred Reality." His most perfect poem, "Love in a Valley," is marred by the disclosure of a certain stanza; his "Nature Poems" are far too microscopically true, too exact in description, to produce any artistic effect on the mind, and he succeeds best where his over-condensed language blurs the naturalistic details or didactic couplets he delights in—that is to say, where he is partly incomprehensible.

We have departed somewhat from our text—the text of Mr. Le Gallienne. We return to it by repeating that his book is not ridiculous in a ridiculous age. It is almost time that good literature in England received the recognition that good literature receives in France. Meredith is a power for good with the younger generation, but his influence has been much retarded by the obstinacy of that literary ostrich, the common reviewer, whose stomach, rejecting not the cast iron of contemporary fiction, is turned by the brilliant aphorisms and puzzling style of a Meredith. It matters little in general to a man that the crowd pass by his best work, but it matters a good deal to the crowd. For the sake, therefore, of the many, it may be excusable to beat the big drum and write a book, if only the few gather to listen to the penny whistle of the Meredithian in the magazine article.

THE STUARTS.

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART. Illustrations by William Gibb. Introduction by John Skelton, C.B., LL.D. Descriptive Notes by W. H. St. John Hope, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE superior person who does not particularly admire exhibitions, and admires least of all exhibitions which depend for their success on public interest in the "brooches, pearls, and owches" of celebrities long dead and done with, would most likely approach this memorial volume of the Stuart exhibition with but languid interest, even though he were told—what is the truth—that the said volume is one of the most magnificent books issued from any press in our time. He might profess to be indifferent to the binding, sumptuous, "but not expressed in fancy;" to the thick, white, sinewy paper; and to the brilliant type. He might, if he dared, insist that the elaborate and splendid series of coloured drawings of the Stuart relics—forty plates in all—contributed by Mr. Gibb, was a waste of talent and skill. But if he were once persuaded to begin Mr. Skelton's introduction, entitled "The Royal House of Stuart and its Adherents," his indifference would be likely to vanish, and he would read on to the end enthralled once more by the most romantic story in the annals of any nation. For ourselves, we have to say that, without Mr. Skelton's introduction, Messrs. Macmillan's magnificent folio would have been a most notable volume—at the very head of what may be called "show books;" but the presence of "Shirley's" admirable historic sketch lifts it into literature.

The notes by Mr. St. John Hope are concise and exhaustive. Mr. Skelton is the highest living authority on Scotch history. This in itself would have warranted his selection by Messrs. Macmillan to write the preface to a monumental work on the Stuarts. But he has another qualification for the undertaking, perhaps as rare as his literary capacity and historical knowledge: Mr. Skelton is a Jacobite. One sentence will show it. "It would have been a pity if Sheriffmuir had been the last chapter in the history of the Stuarts, and the '45 did something to redeem their credit." It is gratifying humanly, as well as artistically, to know that there still survives at the end—the much maligned end—of the nineteenth century something of that chivalrous devotion to a lost cause which illumined the native heroism of Montrose, and made at last a paladin of Claverhouse.

If we take the history of the Stuarts from the time of Robert II., the son of Walter the High Steward and of Marjory Bruce, we find that it divides naturally into two dramas of five acts each, with a prologue and an epilogue. The reigns of Robert II. and Robert III., and the regency of Albany, constitute the scenes of the prologue; and the first Stuart drama opens nobly with the poetry and heroism of James I. He undertook in Scotland single-handed what the Wars of the Roses barely achieved in England—the destruction of the power of the great barons; and in thirteen years he made the Crown stronger than it had been for centuries. His murder produced the first of those long minorities, which were the most disastrous episodes in the history of an unfortunate house and of an unfortunate nation. In the second act the strife between the barons and the Crown continues; and still the Stuart holds his own in the person of James II. The third act brings the catastrophe:

James III. is murdered, and the nobles triumph. There was a higher strain in the character of the first three Jameses than in any of their male successors, although something of the refinement and serenity of James III. reappears in Charles I. The Stuart in the fourth act has accepted his fate. James IV., unable to cope with the nobles in the field, and too impatient to counteract them by policy, allows them a share in the government; and peace gives Scotland something like the prosperity it enjoyed before the death of the Maid of Norway. But the Stuart seizes the chance of a war with England, hoping, at the head of a victorious army, to establish the autocracy for which his fathers fought; and the Battle of Flodden is the result. The fifth act of the first Stuart drama ends with the broken-hearted wail of James V.: "It cam' wi' a lass, and it 'll gang wi' a lass." It is possible to regard these five kings as one individual: a man of extraordinary capacity, a scholar, a poet, a brilliant soldier, an able administrator, determined to be absolute sovereign of his country, whose ideal became sullied, and whose ambition, though never caged, flew low and smirched its wings in the prolonged and unequal contest with a treacherous, turbulent, and half-savage oligarchy. And yet, as Mr. Skelton writes — not more epigrammatically than truly — time was with the Jameses: "the great forces which win in the long run were on their side: they were fighting the battle of civilisation."

In the daughter of James V., all the intellectual qualities of the Stuart, which had grown dim in the "Guidman of Ballengeich," start into fiery life again; and the second Stuart drama, although it never reaches the level of the heroic opening of the first, begins with the world-attracting history of the "Tragic Mary." Whatever her faults may have been, it is certain that her courage, her magnanimity, her humanity—it is allowable to use this word in its old and more comprehensive sense when dealing with a Scottish queen—give her a rank nearer her great ancestor, James I., than is attained by any other of his descendants. Feudalism was on the wane when she began to rule; and with her ability, and the power of her "enchantment whereby men are bewitched," she could have kept her throne had she not been required to reckon with a new thing which she did not understand, and which Knox did not understand; which called itself Presbyterianism, and did not know that it was Democracy. The scene of the drama shifts in the second act to England. With James VI. (I.), the weak-kneed child of a loveless marriage, scholarship has become pedantry; majesty, conceit; and courage, obstinacy: but he is still the Stuart. Misunderstood by the English, he makes no attempt to understand them. "In Scotland no steady popular pressure had been brought to bear on the sovereign." James VI. could not comprehend the English Constitutional Law, and he knew not what he did when he attacked the principles which were most deeply rooted in the convictions of Englishmen. Again, with the third act comes the catastrophe. It is the people this time with whom the Stuart is at war. Charles I. brushed aside the time-honoured limitations of the constitution like cobwebs; and so he was beheaded. The fourth act finds the Stuart, in exile, intrepid, gay, resourceful; in power, a mere futility able to joke. And yet Charles II. was not the dregs of his race; for with the last act of this second drama the tragedy becomes almost a farce. In the history of the Stuarts there is no parallel to the frantic bigotry, petty cruelty, cowardice, and shiftlessness of James VII. (II.).

We can hardly include Queen Anne in the epilogue; and we would fain exclude—being Jacobites for the nonce—the Chevalier de St. George, a man even more pitiful than his father; for James VII. must have begotten him who "trembled before his mother and his priest." If any other proof were needed to refute the story of the smuggled child, it would be sufficient to point to the Young Pretender; the father of such a true Stuart, however much deteriorated, must have been the child of a Stuart. Ranking with the lowest of his race by reason of the debauchery of his later years, Prince Charlie's brilliance, his possession of the "enchantment whereby men are bewitched," his courage, and his daring in his youth, make him the younger brother of the Poet-king and of Mary. His life is, indeed, a fitting epilogue to the Stuart drama, for in itself it is an epitome of the fortunes of the Stuart race.

Mr. Skelton appends to his sketch of the Stuarts short and brilliant appreciations of Montrose, Claverhouse, and Bolingbroke; nor does he omit, as becomes a true Jacobite, graceful notices of Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat, the noblest of the rebels of the '45 who paid the death penalty.

KILIMA-NJARO.

Across East African Glaciers. By Dr. Hans Meyer. London: George Philip & Son. 1891.

In 1887, Dr. Hans Meyer, a wealthy German traveller, attracted to the wonderful East African snow-capped volcano of Kilima-njaro by the descriptions of Mr. Joseph Thomson and of the present writer, resolved to make an attempt to ascend its hitherto unscaled summit. His first journey thither, however, was unsuccessful in its aim, in that Dr. Meyer did not succeed in reaching the highest pinnacle of Kilima-njaro, although he returned to Europe claiming that he had ascended to within 180 feet of its summit. The criticisms of Mr. Douglas Freshfield and other distinguished Alpinists showed him nevertheless that he was wrong in his assertion, and resolving to make good what he had at first incorrectly claimed, he returned, with praiseworthy pertinacity, to East Africa to renew the ascent of the "Monarch of African mountains." On the second occasion Dr. Meyer was again thwarted in his object by the outbreak of insurrection against German domination, owing to which he was compelled to return to the coast; but, nothing daunted, he resolved to try afresh. He visited England, invoked the assistance of the British authorities, and especially of the Directors of the British East African Company, returned again to East Africa, and started on his third expedition to Kilima-njaro, this time proceeding from Mombasa to Taveita through British territory without let or hindrance.

At first he made his headquarters (on his third journey) with the present writer's old friend and enemy, Mandara of Moshi, who has since died; but finding, as I had found, that he could make but little progress in his ascent from this direction, he transferred his headquarters to the kingdom of Marañu. From here, accompanied by Herr Purtscheller, he made several attempts to climb the summit of the highest portion of Kilima-njaro (the crater of Kibō), and he avers that he succeeded in doing so, or that at any rate he reached an altitude of 19,718 feet. He also attempted, with less complete success, the lesser peak of Kimawenzi. (In his spelling of the latter word, be it noted, Dr. Meyer is wrong. He writes it "Mawenzi," but its usual name is Kimawenzi, "the hill or mountain Wenzi," "Kima" being the Ki-kamba form of the Swahili "Kilima." How it is that this peak is usually called by the Ki-kamba name I cannot say, but so it is.)

The altitude of the highest point on Kibō, that is, the extreme summit of Kilima-njaro, is declared by Dr. Ernest Wagner, who computed Dr. Meyer's observations, to be 19,718 feet, but as all these observations of the greater heights of Kilima-njaro were simply calculated from the readings of an aneroid barometer and *not* supported by simultaneous observations of a boiling-point thermometer, they cannot be greatly depended on for accuracy; nor can Dr. Meyer yet be absolutely certain that he has scaled the very highest point of Kilima-njaro, since some other pinnacle may be found by more careful hypsometrical

observations to be slightly higher than Dr. Meyer's highest point.

Whether Dr. Meyer has or has not ascended to the very highest summit of Kilima-njaro, he has been at any rate the first, with his companion Purtscheller, to look down into the gigantic crater of Kibō, and the first to give us any detailed and precise information as to the glaciers of Kilima-njaro. He has also made three attempts at the ascent of Mount Kimawenzi, though he did not succeed in reaching the highest summit of that old and jagged volcano. The altitudes, however, which he had attained on Kimawenzi are considerably higher than the highest reckoned by Von der Decken's trigonometrical measurements, and if, like those of Kibō, they were only computed by Dr. Meyer from his aneroids, they must be considered unreliable. The best authorities on the subject will tell you that aneroid barometers are not to be depended on for the calculation of heights above an altitude of 8,000 feet.

Dr. Meyer collected but little of the *fauna* and *flora* of Kilima-njaro, except in the way of lichens and mosses, of which he made an interesting collection, containing many new species. Among the remaining plants and among the few beetles and butterflies which he brought home, several kinds are new to science, but do not offer features of very marked importance. Except in the actual study of the highest points of Kibō and Kimawenzi, Dr. Meyer's expedition has added but little to our knowledge of the Kilima-njaro region, but for this work he deserves great credit, though not perhaps the overwhelming meed of praise which he appears to expect.

The illustrations of the book are generally from photographs taken by Dr. Meyer, and these are naturally very truthful; but a few of them are the clever drawings of an artist who has certainly [illegible] hints and detail from the illustrations in my own work on Kilima-njaro, as for example, the zebras and antelope on p. 54, and the vultures on p. 231, or, in one case, from a drawing by Riou, illustrating Lieutenant Giraud's experiences in the marshes of Bangweolo; though several of these pictures display considerable talent and originality. Dr. Meyer's book would also have been pleasanter reading had he not been so desperately anxious to show that all his predecessors in the exploration of Mount Kilima-njaro were not to be compared in greatness to himself; although that he has been a diligent and absorbent student of their works may be seen by the similarity of many of his observations, couched in almost the same terms as those used by the foregoing explorers whom he is so anxious to belittle.

H. H. Johnston.

FICTION IN THREE SIZES.

1. Handfasted. By A. Charles Bickley and George S. Curryer. Three vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.
2. Two Penniless Princesses. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.
3. A Living Epitaph. By G. Colmore. One vol. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

There is one sentence in the preface to "Handfasted" which we think that we must quote:—

"We protest against the mosquito-bites of fledgling critics who mount an office stool and, pen in hand, run a-muck of that which, at least, deserves such honest treatment as they are entirely incapable of bestowing upon it."

Thackeray in his most bitter moments never wrote anything quite like this. How forceful the language is! The figure described seems to take shape before our eyes. A mosquito, a fledgling mosquito, runs a-muck on an office stool with a pen in its hand. No wonder these two authors protest. On early pages of the third volume there is another sentence which, we are afraid, must also be quoted. We have presumed to italicise the last few words:—

"'Thou mealy-mouthed, stony-hearted, whited sepulchre,' said Mrs. Rose, with *the mixed metaphor peculiar to some phases of female indignation*."

It took two authors to write this book, and we have quoted two sentences. One of the things we should like to know, and probably never shall know in this world, is which author wrote which sentence. But we can assure them that to read and collate those two sentences has given us the deepest pleasure. We are also accused in this preface of being "underpaid"; and of course there is a great deal of distress among critics in the severe weather; but we do have a little treat occasionally, thanks to these satirical authors.

But, "joking apart," as these two wits are constrained to say in another place, this story is in some respects quite meritorious. The plot is not particularly new. A simple village maiden has three lovers. One of them is bad, good-looking, and of high birth. He persuades her that "handfasting" is a sufficient substitute for matrimony. It must be remembered that she had no knowledge of the world; she lived in a village, one of those little places where they believe that reviews are always written at the office of the periodical which prints them. She was easily deceived, and was soon deserted. Her father turned her out of doors; one of her other lovers took care of her, and the third, who had that goodness of disposition which inevitably accompanies ugliness and low birth, went to London, found her betrayer, and persuaded him to return and marry her. The account of the old custom of "handfasting" is interesting, and the use of it in fiction is, as far as we remember, new. Many of the scenes in the story are vivid and impressive. Amid much conventionality we get a distinct promise of better things; and, although the authors' taste is not perfect and the conception of humour is a little childish, they have undoubtedly managed to write three volumes which can be read and which in very few places are positively wearisome. We shall not be altogether sorry to see more work from them. But they must be careful about their next preface. We admire generosity, but it is possible to give one's self away too lavishly.

"Two Penniless Princesses" is an historical romance by a practised writer. The historical romance is so called because it generally misses both the attractions of romance and the virtues of history. These two volumes do not, perhaps, deserve so strong a condemnation, but they are by no means without faults. The first volume is deficient in interest; at the conclusion of it we have not even begun to care much for any of the characters, and there has been a dearth of incident, a want of story, throughout. The second volume is much better in the latter respect, but even here the characters are, with one or two exceptions, thin and phantasmal people. When are we going to see the last of the hyphenated death-bed scene? "Never seek earthly crowns—ashes—ashes—Elleen—Jeanie—all of them—my love—oh! safe, safe!" The trick of it is so old, and paltry, and irritating. Yet there is much in Miss Yonge's book which is pretty, and much which is instructive. A little more art and a little more vigour would have made a quite good book. As it is, it is not a wholly bad book. We should think that its influence upon the mind of a schoolgirl or other young person would be a good influence. Nor do we see any falling off from the standard of the author's previous work. "Two Penniless Princesses" may stand with the others on the mahogany book-shelves of the middle-class drawing-room.

We are not sorry to turn from this excellent conventionality to a little volume which has its faults, but which in originality and power is far beyond the two other novels which we have noticed to-day. In "A Living Epitaph" we have the true romantic quality. The story entrances the reader; its persons grip firmly his hatred, his pity, or his affections; the situations in the latter part of the book are strong and dramatic. Such delineation of character as these sketches of Miranda and Miss Letitia Letherbarrow is not to be found in the average fiction of to-day, and entitles "A Living Epitaph" to rank as good and artistic work.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE Dean of Gloucester and Mr. Herbert Railton, author and artist respectively of "Dreamland in History," have contrived between them to produce an attractive book. The first hundred pages are devoted to the story of the Norman dukes, from Rollo to William the Conqueror. In giving a vivid description of the daily rule and manner of life of the monks in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Dr. Spence does not forget to point out the darker side of the picture, and we get a glimpse of the shortcomings and errors, the jealousy and the scheming, which, since human nature is what it is, has too often disturbed the peace of the cloister. The book is one in which mediæval romance and devotion are vividly reflected, and it appeals not merely to students of English history, but to lovers of art and architecture. Mr. Railton's drawings are marked by delicate and imaginative beauty, and these characteristics bring the illustrations into singularly complete agreement with the spirit of the text.

Mr. Piatt's little book, "A Return to Paradise and other Essays" is readable, but not remarkable. Paradise, to him, is the country, and he loves it as only a man can whose days for the most part are spent in the town. He seems to have made from time to time a tour in search of the picturesque, and he writes gracefully, though in a somewhat sentimental vein, of the sights and sounds of rural life. With ingennous enthusiasm he tells us one or two very old anecdotes, and gives us at some length an account of his extremely slight acquaintance with Longfellow. If there is little force about these essays, there is a measure of freshness, and the moralising is in good taste, as well as genial. The tone of the book, in short, is hopeful and sunny, with just a touch of artless pathos now and then to break the monotony.

It is a very poor compliment to pay the "young collector," to write for his benefit a book on "British Ferns" in the space of six weeks, and yet this is what Mr. Lowe avowedly has done. He appears to have received considerable assistance from his "numerous fern friends," and he duly records his acknowledgments to quite a number of people. The works of other writers have also been freely consulted, and a good deal of information about ferns and the places in which they are found is given in the volume. At the same time Mr. Lowe expresses himself somewhat carelessly, and it is irritating to find on one page a list of "Errata," and, as if that was not enough, a slip of paper recording other slips of the pen, also pasted into the book, with the ominous heading "Corrigenda." Mr. Lowe, we need scarcely add, knows his subject, but we hope, both for his own sake and that of his readers, he will not yield to the temptation to write hastily, simply because "the book was required at a short notice"—by, we presume, the publishers.

Fifteen "Round Games with Cards" are briefly but clearly described in a handy little manual which forms the latest volume of the Club Series. Mr. Baxter Wray points out the different variations of nap, loo, poker, and other fireside favourites, and beginners will find in the book some sensible hints for their guidance.

Superfluous books abound in these days, and, therefore, we do not feel the least gratitude to Mr. Moncure Conway for adding to their number. It seems that Washington, like other boys of an ambitious turn, kept a commonplace-book, and one of a singularly utilitarian kind for a lad of fourteen. Into its pages he copied forms of exchanges, bonds, receipts, sales, and similar exercises, though sentiment was also represented by a few poetic selections. The volume eventually found its way to the State archives, but not before the mice of Mount Vernon had nibbled beyond recovery some of the young scribe's "Rules of Civility." There is nothing very striking about these rules; they are formal, obvious, and pedantic; but Mr. Conway has persuaded himself that they possess much historic interest, and expresses his surprise that none of Washington's biographers or editors have hitherto given them to the world. He, accordingly, has traced the maxims to their source, and has discovered that most of them found their way into George Washington's book of extracts from an old French treatise on manners and morals written by Father Périn, a Jesuit priest. All this is interesting enough in its way, but a magazine article, at best, might surely have served for the literary record of such a discovery.

It is difficult to believe that more than twenty years have elapsed since Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson first published that charming collection of society and fugitive verse known as "Lyra Elegantiarum." A cheap edition, revised and enlarged, has just been brought out in the "Minerva Library," and if we are not greatly mistaken it will quickly prove one of the most popular books in that series. The plan of the book does not include living authors; but, alas, since it was first published Lord Houghton, Charles Tennyson Turner, Henry S. Leigh, J. R. Planché, C. S. Calverley, Sir Francis Doyle, and Robert Browning have all gone over to the majority. They accordingly take their place in this fascinating anthology. Mr. Locker-Lampson says that it appears to be an essential characteristic of these brilliant trifles, that they should be thrown off in the leisure moments of men whose lives were devoted to more stirring pursuits. As a rule, the "professional poet" seldom writes the best *vers de société*, just because poetry is the business of his life, and therefore he is seldom in that mood of gay or sentimental banter to which the most successful examples of this light and graceful form of verse owe their inspiration. The book is the best of its kind in the language, and therefore it needs no praise.

"Idle Hours with Nature" is the title which Mr. Dixon gives to a volume which describes, with poetic insight as well as scientific exactness, the habits and environment of the birds of our woodlands and shores. He has something to say not only on the plumage, food, flight, notes, and habits of birds, but on what he terms the neglected side of ornithology—the struggle for existence, the laws of migration, the geographical distribution of birds, and the like. Turn where we will in these pages, we everywhere find genuine appreciation of nature, and close observation of bird life. Mr. Dixon writes with freshness and a certain crisp brevity of description which is not too common in works of this kind, where the prevailing tendency is to indulge in sentimental rhapsody or tedious word-painting.

In a handy little volume of a hundred and fifty pages Mr. Parr Greswell—an acknowledged authority on all that concerns the Dominion—has just published, through the Clarendon Press, a clear and explicit account of the "Geography of Canada and Newfoundland." The book is based on information obtained from official sources, and on the statements of well-qualified observers in different parts of the Dominion. In the opening pages Mr. Greswell describes the process of settlement in Canada from the time of Cartier to the present day. Compared with Australia, the urban population of Canada, as distinguished from the rural, is far less in proportion; at the same time, the growth of the town populations in the Dominion has been remarkable. In 1801, for example, Toronto only contained three hundred and thirty-six inhabitants, but in 1890 the population of that city was one hundred and seventy-two thousand. Montreal half a century ago had a population of less than thirty thousand; now, however, there are two hundred and two thousand residents. A still more remarkable example of quick growth is supplied by Winnipeg, for in eighteen years its population has increased from two hundred people to upwards of twenty-five thousand. It is stated in this book that British North America could easily support a population of one hundred and forty millions at the rate of forty to the square mile. The significance of such a fact will be at once apparent when it is remembered that the population of England is four hundred and fifty to the square mile. Clearly, then, there is still breathing-room for those who are willing to follow Horace Greeley's advice—"Go West." The industries, the wealth, and the social progress of the Dominion are indicated in outline in the closing chapter of this admirable compendium. The book is published under the auspices of the Royal Colonial Institute; it contains ten maps, fourteen brief appendices on points referred to in the text, and a good index.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE Boulogne "conferences" have been continued during the past week—to the great dissatisfaction of the majority of the Liberal party, both English and Irish. We have, however, reason to believe that the end which MR. O'BRIEN has from the first sought to attain is on the point of being secured, and that next Thursday MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY will make an announcement which will be satisfactory both to Irish and English Home Rulers. It is time that such an announcement was forthcoming, for the patience of the supporters of MR. GLADSTONE has been sorely tried by the secrecy and the apparent indefiniteness of the Boulogne negotiations. Upon two points, and those the most important of all, there is no cause for anxiety. MR. PARNELL'S leadership will not be re-established, and no pledges will be given by MR. GLADSTONE to the Irish Party. If the Liberal leader has any statement to make regarding the Home Rule question, it will be made in the face of day to his followers as a whole, and also to his opponents. In the meantime it is well to warn our readers against the misleading tittle-tattle which appears morning by morning in the daily papers on the subject of "the crisis."

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, speaking at Liverpool on Monday, declared that the only points upon which there was any chance of difference between the Irish Members and the Liberals were the police and the Land Question. So far as the police are concerned, we cannot pretend to see where the room for difference exists. If Ireland is to be trusted at all, it must be trusted with the control of its own civil officials. We have seen, even in London, enough of the evils resulting from the removal of the police from popular control, to put an end to any wish to perpetuate that evil in Ireland. No doubt a transition period is always one of difficulty, and even of danger; but it cannot be an impossible thing to devise proper means for bridging over this period of transition without doing any wrong to Irish susceptibilities on the one hand, and to the cause of order on the other. On the Land Question, Parliament has the matter in its own hands. If it settles that question before Home Rule is granted, it will be able to veto its unsettlement by an Irish Parliament. If, on the other hand, it leaves the question in its present state, it can have no right to prevent Irishmen themselves from dealing with it.

HOME RULE is dead; Home Rule is not dead. These are the slightly conflicting statements which were heard on Tuesday by those who attended the Liberal Unionist banquet. Apparently no two leaders of that distinguished party can make up their minds on this very simple point. But there is one matter on which all seem to be agreed. They do not delude themselves with the idea that recent events have shaken the allegiance of the Liberal party to its leader, or that the prospects of the General Election have been in any degree affected by them. In these circumstances it strikes us as being passing strange that men like LORD HARTINGTON should still persist in recommending a purely negative policy to their followers. Five out of the twenty years of "resolute government" have, as they themselves acknowledge, completely sickened the country of the whole farce. Yet they decline to look beyond the hour, and confine their speeches to jeers at the Irish members because of the proceedings in Committee Room No. 15, and to an exposition of their own superior wisdom and morality. Statesmanship, it is to be feared, is not the strong point of the Liberal Unionists.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S death has taken place under circumstances singularly dramatic. At the very moment when he was lying at the very point of death—too ill to know what was happening outside the walls of his sick-room—the House of Commons was making tardy atonement for the disgraceful hypocrisy of its action towards him ten years before. That in itself was a sufficiently striking *dénouement* to a stirring life. Indeed, the "realists" of fiction would protest lustily against so dramatic a close to an imaginary career. But even more striking in its way has been the outburst of feeling on the occasion of his funeral. Wreaths, messages of sympathy, troops of mourners, tributes in the press, and a noble utterance from the lips of MR. GLADSTONE in the House of Commons—all these have attended the simple funeral of the man who, when he first entered Parliament, was regarded, even by many Liberals, as an outcast. Truly, until he is dead, we can count no man happy—or a failure.

THE Home Secretary has not been placed in a very enviable position by the debate of Wednesday afternoon on the Religious Disabilities Bill. We have said enough elsewhere of the singularly fine speech in which MR. GLADSTONE presented his case. Once more the magic of the old orator asserted itself, and the House was absolutely convinced of the righteousness of the cause for which he was pleading. But once more that pitiful kind of hypocrisy of which we saw so much in connection with the BRADLAUGH case, prevailed with the majority, and the sacred name of religion was pressed into the service of a political faction. It was MR. MATTHEWS who was hit hardest by the vote. If it had any meaning at all it meant that a Roman Catholic was not to be trusted to do his duty as a Minister of the Crown, and yet the luckless Home Secretary had to sit on the Treasury Bench whilst MR. SMITH, in the name of the Government, upheld the cause of the bigots. BACON'S aphorism concerning those who advance "through dirt to dignities," could not but occur to most men as they watched MR. MATTHEWS on Wednesday afternoon. On Thursday evening the Home Secretary was again placed in a painful position, many members on his own side, led by MR. JAMES LOWTHER, attacking him because of his decision in the case of the convict HARGAN. He is certainly not a man to be envied by anybody at the present moment.

THE Government have assuredly no cause to complain of obstruction on the part of the Opposition to the progress of the Tithe Charge Recovery Bill. This point, indeed, was gracefully acknowledged by SIR M. HICKS-BEACH on Monday, when he took occasion to express his great obligation to the members on the opposite benches for the desire which they had evinced to allow the Bill to pass through Committee on that evening. This stage would certainly have been reached had it not been

for the proposal of a new clause by a member of the Conservative party, who talked the Bill out on Monday, and was afterwards conspicuous by his absence when the opportunity arose for supporting the amendment in which he had taken such an inconvenient interest the night before. A good point was scored by MR. BOLTON, whose proposal to omit the fifth sub-section of the third clause was accepted by SIR M. HICKS-BEACH. There can be no doubt that, had the sub-section been retained, it would have led to difficulty and confusion, and that the Bill is much simplified by its omission. A useful addition was made to the Bill by a provision expressly giving the right of appeal to the High Court on any point of law or equity, or on the admission or rejection of evidence. The jurisdiction which will be conferred on the County Court judges with regard to this novel and difficult subject will require to be very carefully watched, and there can be no doubt that the right of appeal to the High Court will exercise a wholesome influence on their decisions.

IT is unfortunate that SIR HENRY JAMES'S small but useful amendment of the Factory Act of 1878 relates simply to textile factories, which are already under the protection of the law, and watched by powerful and vigilant associations of working men. Not, of course, that that law is perfect, or that it will not be better for SIR HENRY JAMES'S enlargement of its powers in the matter of the cleansing of factories, the fencing of machinery, and the narrowing of some of the technical provisions of the Act. But any new amendment of the Factory Acts inevitably raises the question of further protection for the sweated industries—more especially in the women's and the domestic workshops. These are not touched in SIR HENRY'S measure, which consequently, though we have nothing to say against its proposals, has a certain air of pettiness in proportion to its title. Perhaps its most significant provision is that which re-introduces a very useful principle, which is dying too soon out of our legislation—viz., that of minimum as well as maximum fines. We believe that MR. SYDNEY BUXTON makes this a part of the much larger and more comprehensive amendment of the Act which he has in contemplation. It is all to the good, in so far as it makes for clearness and decisiveness in protective law.

THE announcement that the Canadian Parliament was to be at once dissolved coincided very closely in point of time with the arrival from England of SIR CHARLES TUPPER, the High Commissioner of Canada in London. Charged with the latest confidences of the Imperial Government, he was doubtless able to advise his colleagues that, from the point of view of international politics, the present was the psychological moment for an appeal to the country. Such advice, as it happened, coincided with the views of the wirepullers of SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD'S party, for it would seem that, owing to some physiological eccentricity, for which we cannot assign a reason, just twenty years and eleven months ago, fifty thousand male children—who have all since developed into Liberals and full-Reciprocity men—were born in the Canadas, and would within a few weeks have become entitled to vote for the party of MR. BLAKE and SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, had it not been for the astute move just announced by the Canadian Conservatives. Nevertheless, although the coming election will in all probability prove an electoral triumph for SIR JOHN MACDONALD, it will, in a way, be an acknowledgment that the policy of the Canadian Liberals is based on the inevitable.

THE Conservatives of Canada have definitely abandoned the brilliant idea of checkmating the MCKINLEY tariff by developing a limitless trade in what are technically called "shop-eggs" with the Mother Country. Like the Liberals, they accept "Reciprocity" in principle, the only question between the rivals being as to its extent and opportuneness. It is significant that even the Canadian Conservatives should evidently prefer a fiscal *rapprochement* with the United States rather than wait in expectancy for the chances of an Imperial Zollverein, with the idea of which, it would appear, from a recent answer in Parliament, Her Majesty's Government are coquetting.

THE Stock Markets have continued inactive throughout the week. There is a fair amount of investment business, chiefly in home railway stocks and in a few foreign stocks such as Egyptians. But with the exception of the market for gold shares, which has been pretty active, speculation is almost at a standstill. A hitch has arisen in the negotiations between the London Committee and the Argentine Government respecting the Drainage and Waterworks Company of Buenos Ayres, and there is a report that the negotiations have actually been broken off. In Chili the insurrection continues, but little information reaches this country, and naturally the market is sensitive. Some hope is entertained that the change of Ministry may bring about an improvement in Brazil, but the state of affairs there is also disquieting. In Uruguay matters are as bad as they can be. Furthermore, the revolt in Oporto, though it has been suppressed for the moment, inspires a fear that a revolution is imminent. The change of Ministry in Italy has attracted attention to the disorganised state of the finances. And although the Spanish Government has been successful at the elections, there is much apprehension concerning Spain's ability to pay her way. Owing to all this, and to the continued distrust, speculators are afraid to engage in new risks. In spite of the increasing ease in the Money Market both in New York and in Berlin, there is much in both markets to give cause for uneasiness. In Paris alone is there still great confidence. The speculation for the rise there is very large, and an accident may at any moment cause a heavy fall; but for the time being the great operators profess to be very hopeful, and predict a rise in all securities dealt in upon the Paris Bourse.

THE Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount this week. But following the lead of the Imperial Bank of Germany, which has reduced its rate to 3½ per cent., the rates in Austria, Hungary, and Norway have been reduced to 4 per cent. All over the Continent the value of money continues to decline. In the United States, also, stringency has given place to great ease, and the call rate for loans in New York is now only 2½ per cent. In London the open market rate advanced at the beginning of the week to about 2⅛ per cent., under the impression that the Joint Stock and private banks would be compelled by MR. GOSCHEN'S proposals to begin at once accumulating reserves. The rise, however, has not been maintained, and the rate in the open market has again fallen to about 1⅞ per cent. Yet the general impression is that there will be some advance during the next month, as the revenue collections will be very large. For the moment the fall in rates upon the Continent has stopped the withdrawals of gold from the Bank, but the time is near at hand when the loan of three millions made by the Bank of France will fall due, and possibly the Russian Government may also take a million and a half sterling. The Silver market has been very dull throughout the week, as the impression grows stronger that there will be no legislation this session in the United States. The price of the metal has fallen to 46¾d. per ounce. There is little demand for India, for money there is unusually abundant and cheap for the season of the year. And the Continental demand has entirely ceased; while American speculation has stopped. The market for silver securities has been quiet.

THE DINING-OUT PARTY.

NEVER since the system of party Government was introduced into England has there been a party so conspicuously fond of dining-out as that which during the past twelve months has revelled in every restaurant in London, in order to do honour to its own superhuman virtue and intelligence. It is impossible for the most ardent of Home Rulers to feel any sense of anger when he reads the current reports of the latest "grand Unionist banquet." It is delightful to peruse the outpourings of Professor Dicey's chaste eloquence as he sings the praises of his leaders and (incidentally) draws attention to his own conspicuous merits. It is even more delightful to follow Lord Hartington through the string of ponderous platitudes, unenlivened by a gleam of humour or a touch of imagination, which pass current with his admirers as the voice of patriotism and statesmanship. We would not for the world lose the record of these things in the faithful pages of the *Times*. Our only regret is that even the *Times* occasionally cries, "Hold! Enough!" and declines to open its columns to the tale of Unionist after-dinner eloquence. The party had only two banquets this week, and of these only one has been reported. This is hard upon a world which has not yet grown tired of the sight of a body of doomed politicians feasting in celebration of each successive stage in their progress towards the fate which inevitably awaits them. We must content ourselves, however, with the story of the proceedings at the dinner of the Liberal Union Club.

Of the speech of Professor Dicey, the chosen orator of Unionism, only one remark need be made. That is, that it seemed to be intended as an illustration of his own assertion that when certain persons take to politics they "forsake all the ordinary rules that govern private life." In his private life Professor Dicey could never be guilty of the impertinence, the vulgarity, and the offensive unfairness which characterise his utterances as a politician. Indeed, what man in his senses could say of himself as an individual what this redoubtable champion of injustice to Ireland said of himself as a politician when he remarked, "We wish and always have succeeded in saying what is true—which has not always been successfully achieved by our opponents." It is impossible to deal seriously with an orator who starts with this assumption of his own superiority to the rest of the world; nor is it really necessary to exchange arguments with a gentleman whose Pharisaism is only worthy of Colney Hatch or any similar retreat of misunderstood humanity.

It is with Lord Hartington that the Liberal party has to reckon. He is still a political power, though he is by no means the hero he is believed to be by those who feast with him at the recurring banquets of the Unionist clubs. If anyone in the ranks of the little party he commands can influence his political opponents, he is the man. It is, therefore, with a certain measure of interest that we turn to his speech of Tuesday in order to learn his views at a critical moment in the national history. What do we find in his speech? Nothing more than an expression of his "unalloyed enjoyment" of Mr. Parnell's adventures since he passed through the Divorce Court, and of the "legitimate amusement" which he has derived from the "rehearsal of Home Rule" in Committee Room No. 15. This is positively all that the one "statesman" in whom the Liberal Unionists of England put their trust has to say at the present moment. Why, even Mr. Dicey could have made a more statesmanlike speech than this. Not that we deny the right of Lord Hartington and his friends to make the most out of Mr. Parnell's misconduct and the subsequent incidents in Irish history. But after all, if they aspire to be a serious party, they are bound, when they have had their laugh over the episode of the Divorce Court, to tell us to what they look in the future. At this moment they are only able to see one thing—the breach in the ranks of the Irish Party. They know that Mr. Parnell has made himself impossible so far as acceptance by the electors of Great Britain is concerned; and on the assumption that every other Irishman will be as untrustworthy as the member for Cork, Lord Hartington and his friends believe that the English Liberals will never again work in cordial alliance with the Irish Home Rulers. It is a large assumption this; but let it pass. Let us, for the sake of the argument, suppose that the present Irish Parliamentary party is destroyed, and that the alliance between English and Scotch Liberals and the Home Rulers comes to an end. What will happen then?

In the first place does Lord Hartington believe that the failure of Home Rule on its present basis would mean that at the next election the Liberals of Great Britain would be disposed to give Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour another five or six years' lease of power? Even if the lessons of the bye-elections—not excluding either Bassetlaw or Hartlepool—were to count for nothing, the evidence is still conclusive as to the cohesion of the Liberal party throughout the constituencies. Most rightly, as we believe, it has seen no reason in the treachery of a single Irishman to make it waver in its support of its own leader. Nor can even Lord Hartington pretend that "recent events" have tended to justify Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury in the eyes of Liberal electors. It follows that every good judge knows that the Liberal vote will be given just as strongly against the present Government as it would have been if there had been no divorce case, and no exposure of Mr. Parnell's real character. In whose favour then will that vote be given? Lord Hartington is far too wise a man to imagine that it can go to the Liberal Unionists. If, indeed, he as the leader of that body had anything more than a bundle of negations to offer to the country in lieu of a policy, the case might be different. But a political party which only exists for the purpose of indulging in self-complimentary dinners, and which, even in a crisis like the present, can contemplate nothing but its own virtues and the wickedness of every Irish Nationalist, cannot win a single additional vote at a General Election. It follows, then, that the Liberal party may look forward confidently at the next election to a return to the position it held in 1885. It will have a majority, a considerable majority, over the supporters of the Ministry, whether they call themselves Tories or Liberal Unionists. That is the position which it behoves Lord Hartington and his friends to confront. If they are wise men they will waste no more time upon silly talk about "Committee Room No. 15"—talk which is not more silly than insincere—but they will at once face the problem of what is likely to happen in the next House of Commons, with a Liberal majority over Tories and Unionists combined, and an Irish party which, whether broken or united, will still be practically unanimous in demanding some form of self-government, and the complete abolition of that system of coercion the failure of which was long ago established, and the condemnation of which has now been irrevocably pronounced. We confess that in view of the actual political situation, we cannot comprehend the light-heartedness which seems to have possession of this dining-out party, on any other ground save that which is explained in the words "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

OPPORTUNIST BIGOTRY.

MINISTERS cannot be very happy about their performance on Wednesday. The spectacle of a Cabinet containing a Catholic Home Secretary resisting a measure for the removal of Catholic disabilities is not conducive to a reputation for common sense. Mr. Asquith was right when he said that Mr. Gladstone's Bill would be sacrificed to "the devouring requirements of the sacred cause of the Union." Some Unionists were found true to the convictions which many years of toleration have implanted in every intelligent mind. But Lord Hartington, who is extolled by Professor Dicey as an exceptionally honest and straightforward politician, walked out of the House before the division. He could not bring himself to embarrass the Government, and help the designs of wicked "Separatists," by supporting a reform which might be useful to Mr. Gladstone in some future distribution of offices. All the Government and their chief ally could see in this Bill was an attempt to pave the way for making Sir Charles Russell Lord Chancellor of England, and Lord Ripon Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. There is nothing horrible in such a prospect, but it prompted the Treasury Bench to an exhibition of surpassing silliness. Sir Charles Russell has been Attorney-General, Lord Ripon has been Viceroy of India. Yet Mr. Smith and Sir Richard Webster affected to believe that something disastrous would happen to the Constitution if two distinguished Catholic Liberals were appointed to certain offices from which members of their religious communion have hitherto been excluded. Is Mr. Matthews unfit to be Lord Chancellor because he is a Catholic? There are obvious reasons why he may never attain that distinction; but will any of his associates pretend that his religion ought to be one of them? Does any rational man believe that there is something so superlatively Protestant in the office of Lord Chancellor that it must not be held by a Catholic lawyer who is quite qualified to shine at the Home Office? Mr. Smith declared that this Bill was offensive to a large class of Her Majesty's subjects. If so, why are they not equally offended by Mr. Matthews's position in the Cabinet? It is deplorable, according to the First Lord of the Treasury, that Mr. Gladstone should choose such a moment for stirring up religious strife. It has always been deplorable to bigots that any attempt should be made to remove religious disabilities, and give practical effect to the principles of toleration which are the foundations of civilised life. But what are we to say of men who have not even the excuse of bigotry, who are not blinded by sectarian zeal, who regard with secret contempt the petitions against a Catholic Relief Bill, and who yet complain that Mr. Gladstone has hurt the feelings of many of his fellow-citizens by asking Parliament to do an act of manifest reason and justice?

In his unanswerable speech Mr. Gladstone easily swept away the fallacies which have been founded upon his famous pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees. It is true that when the dogma of Papal Infallibility was a new portent in Europe, Mr. Gladstone suggested that an English Catholic, who was literally bound by this decree, would place his civil duty and allegiance at the mercy of a foreign power. But in a subsequent pamphlet he declared that the assurances he had received convinced him that the loyalty of Catholics in these realms was untainted. Does Mr. Smith believe that? If so, how can he contend that a Catholic Chancellor would owe his allegiance to the Vatican and not to the Crown? If not, why does he sit in the same Cabinet with Mr. Matthews? We commend these considerations to Dr. Parker, who lately distinguished himself by parading the Catholic bogey. There is some expectation in Tory circles that Ministers will gain votes in the country by the stand they have made for Protestantism. Is Dr. Parker anxious to help this enterprise by preaching stale intolerance to Nonconformists? Does he agree with Colonel Sandys that if Mr. Gladstone's Bill were passed, we should be in danger of seeing a Catholic chaplain in the House of Commons, and priests walking up the floor invoking the blessed Virgin? As Sir Henry James pointed out, the very essence of real Protestantism is the absolute equality of all religions; and yet Catholics are still excluded from offices which are accessible to Jews. There is nothing in the law to prevent a Catholic from becoming Prime Minister, but he must not hold the inferior post of Lord Chancellor. So gross are the absurdities of this anomaly that the Attorney-General was reduced to the pretext of suggesting that the Bill ought not to have been introduced because Mr. Gladstone had not made it quite clear that there were any legal disabilities after all. It is a point on which there is some difference of opinion amongst eminent lawyers. Some hold that all tests were swept away in 1863. The prevailing judgment, however, is that Catholics are debarred from the Lord Chancellorship and the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland by the terms of the Emancipation Act of 1829. But Mr. Gladstone's measure offered an opportunity of removing any ambiguity, and declaring, once for all, that a Catholic may occupy any post under the Crown. This is the reform that the opportunist bigots on the Treasury Bench opposed with the most childish pretences to which the House of Commons ever listened with conventional gravity.

It was left to a statesman like Colonel Saunderson to give free expression to the real animus of the Government. Mr. Smith and Sir Richard Webster feebly hinted at the argument that a Catholic Lord-Lieutenant would be dangerous to the Union. They were too much ashamed of this theory to lay much stress upon it; but Colonel Saunderson supplied the spirit of robust farce which was necessary to the situation. What would become of the Protestant minority if there were a Catholic Lord-Lieutenant and a Catholic Parliament in Dublin? How a Protestant Lord-Lieutenant could protect the minority any better than a Catholic was not explained. Nor was it made clear why a Catholic Lord-Lieutenant, who would be responsible to the Crown, could not be recalled if he gave any just ground for dissatisfaction. But as the Unionists believe Home Rule to be impossible, why should they oppose Mr. Gladstone's Bill because it is assumed to be the prelude to a Home Rule scheme? If the Union is to be maintained as it stands, why should not the Queen be represented in future by a Catholic peer? If the Duke of Norfolk were Lord-Lieutenant, how would the Union suffer? And, if Home Rule never came to pass, why should Lord Ripon do more harm as Irish Viceroy than a Unionist Duke? These are questions to which the mighty mind of Mr. Smith and the supplementary genius of Colonel Saunderson did not apply themselves. Ministers took their stand for no reason whatever, except a paralysing dread of Mr. Gladstone. They were afraid to accept a perfectly moderate and reasonable proposal because it had something to do with a policy which they tell us is as dead as Queen Anne. "Why bring forward this Bill now?" asked Mr. Smith, with an air of injury. "Why show this confidence that the next Lord-Lieutenant will be a Liberal, and suggest that he ought to be a Catholic?" In such a fright are these Ministers about their precious Union that they dare not run the risk of

even being supposed to admit that a Catholic Viceroy might represent the Imperial supremacy. And they have a sneaking hope that Mr. Gladstone will offend some Protestant electors who cannot be made to understand that the Pope exercises no more temporal authority over English Catholics than the Papal Rescript exercised over Irish priests. Nothing has been made more clear than that no Irish Catholic, lay or clerical, would dream of placing his civil allegiance at the mercy of the Vatican.

MR. GOSCHEN'S PLAN.

EVERYONE competent to form an opinion on the subject is in agreement with the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the cash reserves held by the joint-stock and private banks are utterly inadequate; so inadequate indeed that every now and then they expose the trade and credit of the country to grave danger. Everyone also is agreed that the stock of gold held usually by the Bank of England is too small. Therefore there will be little difference of opinion that something ought to be done to increase, first, the cash reserves held by the joint-stock and private banks, and secondly, the gold held by the Bank of England. But whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer has devised the best plan for attaining these two objects may well be doubted. He shrinks from proposing that the joint-stock and private banks should be required to keep adequate reserves. The Banking interest in Parliament and in the constituencies is very strong, and would oppose a stubborn resistance to such a proposal. It would argue that it was inequitable to impose a new obligation when the banks have been in existence for half a century or more, without giving any consideration. And it would further attempt to alarm the commercial community by pointing out that the holding of large reserves would raise seriously the rates of interest and discount. Therefore, Mr. Goschen is not prepared to require reserves to be kept. But he proposes to reach his end indirectly by insisting that the banks shall publish frequent accounts. At present the private banks publish no accounts at all, and the joint-stock banks only publish them twice a year. The intention is to require returns somewhat similar to those now issued by the Bank of England to be published either weekly or monthly. If the cash held in the coffers of the banks and at the Bank of England is clearly distinguished from the money lent at call to the bill brokers, no doubt the publication would go far to compel the keeping of adequate reserves. For if it was shown week after week or month after month that the banks were holding an inadequate amount of cash, public opinion would insist that the reserves should be increased. We venture to think, however, that if the law is to be changed at all, it should explicitly require sufficient reserves to be kept. However, it will be something if weekly returns are required; it will then remain with public opinion to insist upon the reform being effective. It is, however, the second proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that is likely to excite the most discussion.

The Bank of England usually holds between twenty and twenty-four millions in gold, while the Imperial Bank of Germany holds about half as much again, the Bank of France holds fully twice as much, and the United States Treasury holds about three times as much. Yet the Bank of England is obliged to cash every one of its notes in gold, and therefore all the world is able to take the metal from it whenever it is required. This is a dangerous state of things, causing constant fluctuations in the rates of interest and discount, disturbing trade, and seriously affecting credit every now and then. The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to enable the Bank of England to increase its stock of gold by authorising it to issue one-pound notes. When the notes get into circulation, an equivalent amount of sovereigns and half-sovereigns will be displaced from the circulation, and will be deposited in the Bank of England. Mr. Goschen proposes that, suppose thirty millions of one-pound notes get into circulation, ten millions of the gold displaced shall be held as "a second reserve," not to be touched except in time of emergency, and that twenty millions shall be added to the stock already in the Issue Department. Now, there is a strong popular sentiment against one-pound notes in England. People argue that they were once in circulation and were deliberately rejected by the country; that, therefore, they ought not to be brought back again; that they are liable to become dirty, and to cause disease; and that, furthermore, they are easily lost. True, one-pound notes are very popular both in Scotland and in Ireland, while in the United States and many continental countries even smaller notes are in circulation. Therefore, the advocates of the one-pound note argue that the English people will soon become accustomed to them, and will readily accept them; that the feeling against them at present is a mere prejudice which will rapidly die out. Whether this be so or not, it is at all events evident that there is a doubt as to whether the plan proposed by Mr. Goschen will be practically successful; and it is a strong objection to a plan which is brought forward as a remedy for an admittedly dangerous state of things that it runs counter to the popular sentiment and that, therefore, it is very doubtful whether it can be carried into operation. It would seem better to enable the Bank of England to increase its reserve in times of emergency by some method which would not be opposed to the present feeling of the country, or at all events of a considerable section of the community. There are many ways in which this could be done. For instance, the Bank of England is already authorised to issue about sixteen millions of notes on the security of Consols, and this fiduciary issue might be considerably increased. Or the plan which has been adopted in Germany and works well in practice might be copied. The Imperial Bank of Germany is authorised to issue about fifteen millions sterling of notes without holding either gold or silver. It is moreover authorised to issue notes against all the coin and bullion it holds. And, lastly, it may issue a further amount of notes by paying a duty of 5 per cent. upon the excess over the authorised issue and the coin and bullion it holds. There are other ways in which the Bank might meet an emergency, but it is enough to point out one with which we are familiar ourselves, another which works practically well in a great neighbouring country.

Let us assume, however, that the feeling against one-pound notes is overcome, and that thirty millions of them are got into circulation. Then, according to the plan, ten millions of the gold displaced would be held as "a second reserve" in such a way that it could not be touched except an emergency arose. Further, it would not be allowed to be touched if there was a large drain of gold to any foreign country. Mr. Goschen made this point very clear in his speech at Leeds. Indeed, he put it forward as one of the merits of his plan that it would not risk the export of gold which is now in the circulation, and, therefore, cannot be easily got at. But financial crises are of two kinds,

one internal and the other external. Mr. Goschen's plan would meet the former, but it would not meet the latter. If the state of things were such that there was no foreign demand for gold, then the Government of the day would lend to the Bank of England as much of the ten millions of gold as might be required, and the Bank would issue additional notes against the loan, so increasing its reserve in the emergency and putting an end to panic. But if there was a large foreign demand for gold, the second reserve would be held tightly by the Government; the Bank of England could not increase its reserve, and a panic would ensue. The remedy then is only a partial remedy, and, as such, seems unacceptable. There is another point. Of the thirty millions of gold which, on our assumption, would be displaced from the circulation, twenty millions would be held by the Bank of England to ensure the exchangeability of the one-pound notes. What guarantee does the plan offer that these twenty millions—or, at least, a large part of them—would not be exported? At present they are in the circulation and cannot be withdrawn without seriously disturbing the whole business of the country. But if they were replaced by notes and lodged in the Bank of England, they could be as easily withdrawn as the present stock of twenty or twenty-four millions. It would seem, therefore, that under the new state of things we should be risking the loss of a large proportion, not of twenty millions, but of forty millions in gold. It may be answered that the joint-stock and private banks, being compelled by public opinion to hold adequate reserves, would not be able, as they are at present, to compete with one another so that they would reduce unduly the rates of interest and discount, and thereby lead to the export of gold. Granted that this would be so in ordinary times. But what would happen if, let us suppose, silver legislation led to a panic in the United States, or danger of war caused a crash in Berlin, or a revolution in Portugal or Spain had a like effect in Paris? In any of these cases there would be a demand for gold either for New York, or Berlin, or Paris. And what protection does the plan afford for the twenty millions which are now in the circulation, but which would then be payable by the Bank of England on the presentation of one-pound notes? If the Bank of England could be so reorganised that it would obtain permanent control of the outside market, a protection would be afforded. But what is there in the plan to give the Bank of England permanent control? And if there is nothing, what other guarantee does it afford that our second state would not be worse than our first?

SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S CHANGE OF FRONT.

THE dissolution of the Canadian Parliament has come sooner than was expected, and under conditions wholly unlooked-for. The champions of Protection have renounced their own policy. Sir John Macdonald, who has always resisted reciprocity with the United States, and who proposed to meet the McKinley Act with retaliatory duties, has recognised that it is in the interest of the country and of his Government to execute a sudden *volte-face*. The Tory Imperialist policy is thrown overboard. The Government advocates the re-enactment of the reciprocity treaty with the United States, under which Canada made the greatest progress, and proposes arrangements for the settlement of the irritating fisheries disputes which have disturbed the relations of the two countries. Having crippled the commerce and arrested the development of the Dominion by his vicious protection and demoralising subsidies, Sir John Macdonald now asks the electors to return him to power on the policy of his opponents. It remains to be seen whether the Canadian people will accept this standard of political morality, and forget the services of Liberal leaders like Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, and Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, who have consistently advocated commercial freedom and reciprocity with the American Republic.

For twelve years now Canada has been under Tory rule. During that period Sir John Macdonald has pursued what is known as the National Policy. In one way the National Policy has been of service to Canada and the Empire. Sir John has built up a magnificent railway system which has unified the detached provinces of the Dominion and promoted the military interests of the Empire. He has also subsidised railways to promote his own interests, until the Government has become something like a vast transportation company. This policy has been carried out at a tremendous cost to the Canadian people, which the commercial side of Sir John's system has rendered all the harder to bear. He has adopted a policy of commercial isolation, imposing high tariffs against the United States, the Mother Country, and all foreign nations. It is this policy which has checked the development of the Dominion and oppressed its people. Its commerce expands but slowly; its population remains stationary. The only things which have shown a vigorous tendency to increase have been the national debt and the import duties. The good which Sir John Macdonald has done in one direction has been nullified by his restrictive policy, which has arrested the material growth of the Dominion, to the profit of its big neighbour the United States. The recent American census shows that there are one million native Canadians resident in the States. To these must be added other two millions made up of their children and of emigrants, some of whom the Canadian Government have "assisted" out. These three millions Canada might have retained if it had been in a healthy and prosperous condition. But no country can flourish under high protection, least of all a new country. The population in fifty-two out of eighty-two rural constituencies in Ontario—by far the richest province in Canada—has decreased during the last ten years, and the total population of the province has only increased 4,000 in that period.

It was when Canada had closer commercial relations with the United States that it showed the greatest expansion. During the period when the reciprocity treaty was in force—from 1855 to 1865—Canadian trade received its greatest impulse. In the latter year the export trade to the United States amounted to close on 40,000,000 dollars—almost as much as it is to-day. In twelve years under reciprocity it had increased 280 per cent.; in the twenty-three years since the increase has only been 9 per cent. The Liberal Administration which came to an end in 1878 adopted a far less restrictive policy than its successor, and the country was consequently more prosperous. The manufactured goods exported in 1889 were of less value than the quantity exported in 1876.

Sir John Macdonald's protection, therefore, has not paid. The country has become more and more restless under it, and for several years a general demand has been made by the Liberal Party for reciprocity with the United States. Mr. Goldwin Smith and a few others would like to see commercial union end in annexation, but there is little demand for it at present. It may be the "manifest destiny"

of the Dominion to be linked to the States, but at the present time its annexation would be a disadvantage to the Republic and of no benefit to itself. With reciprocity or commercial union it is different. Of the two systems, reciprocity is preferable, as by the latter Canada would sacrifice its commercial independence, and the tariff duties would be regulated at Washington.

It has often been pointed out that for commercial purposes Canada should be an integral part of the United States. Its provinces are separated by great lakes and mountain ranges, but all join naturally to the States. It is in the interest of Nova Scotia to trade with New England. The rich province of Ontario prefers to deal with the five millions of people in the neighbouring states of Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota, rather than with the five millions scattered about from Vancouver to Halifax —over a territory 4,000 miles in length and 300 miles wide. The commercial headquarters of the new Canadian North-West is not Winnipeg or Toronto, but Minneapolis and St. Paul. The easy interchange of commerce is eminently to the advantage of both countries. Rich in mineral resources, producing more ores than it can manufacture, Canada is able to supply American manufacturers with the raw material they need. The Americans want the produce of the Canadian farms and forests, and all the surplus articles of consumption. Although the interchange of commerce has been hampered by custom houses along two thousand miles of frontier, Canadian trade has in recent years been more and more with the United States. In 1889 Canada exported goods to the value of 43½ million dollars to the United States, as compared with 38 millions to England, and 7 millions to other countries. America takes almost all the export of Canadian iron, coal, hides, beef, oats, salt, hay, straw, potatoes, and wood. It is evident, therefore, that the best policy for Canada is to cultivate friendly commercial relations with its southern neighbour in order to find a market for its surplus crops and raw material. In return it will import manufactured goods cheaper than they are produced at home, for the development of its young industries.

WHAT LONDON MIGHT BE.

IT is satisfactory to find an agitation beginning, worthily led by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, for removing the many reproaches under which London, as a city, has been too long allowed to rest. The strengthening of local interest, to which the creation of a London Parliament has given rise, and the advances which we are making in the direction of municipal socialism, have raised expectations of improvement which ought not to be disappointed. The County Council, still young and impressionable, is open to new ideas, and Londoners can only blame themselves if they miss the opportunity of urging their claims with effect.

It is not difficult to enumerate the weak points of the existing state of things. Of the two evils—the darkness and the mud—which have been most noticeable in the last two months, and which render London every winter an intolerable dwelling-place, it may seem Utopian to expect the end. But the abolition of the vestries would do a great deal to introduce cleanliness in the keeping of the streets, and a serious attempt to cope with the smoke-nuisance would probably have more effect than people realise in banishing the terror of the fog.

It is chiefly, however, towards questions of structural improvement that the hopes of reformers turn. What can be done to increase facilities for traffic? What can be done to make London beautiful, and to enable its inhabitants to take their pleasure in its streets? On the first point, the difficulty which readily occurs to one is the want of great arteries, or thoroughfares, running north and south. Communication between the Strand and Holborn on the one side, and between Holborn and the Euston Road upon the other, is far from easy. The removal of the gates and bars which block the squares of Bloomsbury will be a step in the direction of remedying this, but much more is needed before the tide of traffic which fills Fetter Lane and Chancery Lane, and the intricate windings on the west of Lincoln's Inn, can flow without obstruction. One broad thoroughfare is wanted to run from the Hampstead Road to Waterloo Bridge, utilising Gower Street and Wellington Street in its course. Another is wanted to penetrate northwards from the east end of Holywell Street, which ought to disappear, across Lincoln's Inn Fields and Oxford Street, up to St. Pancras Church.

Let it be admitted that, while it is easy to point out these needs upon the map, to translate them into practice requires a command of power and of money which even a democratic municipality finds it hard to obtain. But more practicable and even more attractive are the projects for beautifying London which have been recently advanced. What is wanted here are more broad boulevards, more beautiful buildings, and more open spaces; and the opportunity for interference is afforded by the narrowness of many existing streets, the poverty of the low buildings which line them, and even in the centre of the town the waste of space. Owing chiefly to the efforts of a few public-spirited people, the supply of open spaces round about London is increasing every day. The object to which attention is now directed is the possibility of forming two systems of boulevards—one giving access from the great centres of population to the wide commons and parks outside, the other running through or round the heart of London, and utilising as far as possible existing thoroughfares in its course. Mr. Shaw Lefevre's happy suggestion of throwing into the roads the dreary garden strips, which so often separate the houses from the streets, might be applied in all parts of London. The Marylebone Road and the Euston Road, in the north; several of the streets of Whitechapel and Stepney, in the east; the Old Kent Road, the Walworth Road, and many another in the south, are laid out on this system, and could be turned to account in this way. Where necessary the links between these great highways would be provided by clearing away the small streets about them; but in the outlying parts of London such clearances would not be necessary to any large extent. To plant such boulevards with trees, to provide them with seats and fountains, and so to plan them that their gaps and meeting-places would be filled, as in Paris, by monuments and churches, and not by mean back-walls and hideous hoardings, would then be a labour of love; and for such purposes the opulent patriotism of Londoners might well be asked to help.

The objections to some such comprehensive scheme of reform for the whole of London are not really very serious: the old plea that there was no central authority competent to carry out such a work is now disposed of. The stock argument that Londoners do not care for their city was never based on fact, and is now ceasing to command belief. The equally familiar argument that any complete scheme requires, in order to succeed, despotic powers behind it, can be met by conferring on the County Council

large compulsory powers of purchasing land, and especially freehold ground-rents; and the despotism of a popularly elected body will always be subject to a salutary restraint. The only real difficulty, the cost of the enterprise, could be met by beginning on a humble scale, and by ingeniously utilising the facilities which exist, while the improved value of the land, and the increased height and rental of the buildings abutting on the boulevards, would tend gradually to repay the outlay.

The traditional objection to the effect that the English climate does not permit people to congregate out of doors, and that, if boulevards existed in London, they would not be used as promenades, is so weak as hardly to need the contradiction given to it every night by the crowds which make populous such streets as the Commercial Road and Newington Causeway and all the great thoroughfares of working London. Lastly, if it be urged that the County Council has not the energy or ambition to undertake schemes on so vast a scale, then by all means let a society be founded, as some of our correspondents have suggested, to show that the public is really interested in the matter, and prepared to agitate until these reasonable proposals cease to be looked upon as dreams.

RHODES AND AFRICA.

THE present week is likely to be a momentous one in the history of the British African Empire. Sir Henry Loch, Governor-General of the Cape of Good Hope and High Commissioner for South Africa, and the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony and guiding spirit of the British South African Company, have arrived in London to lay before H.M. Government their views as regards British interests and Portuguese claims in Africa, south of the Zambesi; while Mr. Rhodes, it is understood, is to further confer with Lord Salisbury on the position of the South African Company in the lands under British protection north of the Zambesi.

Very grave issues lie in Lord Salisbury's hands. Is he to quarrel with an ancient ally, a gallant, proud little people of Western Europe, or to disappoint and check our South African Empire in its lusty expansion? If he forces unwelcome terms on the Portuguese he may cause a revolution among that people which will bring about the downfall of the Braganza dynasty, the establishment of a Lusitanian Republic, and a consequent shock that is likely to affect Spain severely, and to reverberate tumultuously throughout Europe. Yet if he gives in to Portuguese pretensions, he will estrange South African sympathies, lead to the growth of French interests on the Manica plateau, and increase the danger of an open quarrel with Portugal; for though the South African Company may withdraw from the disputed territory, the not very forbearing or patient miners and settlers will remain—and have a right to remain—and if the Portuguese officials and French *actionnaires* of the Mozambique Chartered Company attempt to oust them, there will certainly arise a quarrel between British and Portuguese which the Governments of the respective countries will find it hard to witness unmoved.

It is deeply to be regretted that we are not, in this matter of South-east African boundaries, facing a first-class Power like France or Germany. Then no one could accuse us of bullying if we insisted on fair terms, or on terms actually favourable to ourselves. Probably the settlement of our respective claims in Nyassaland or in Manica, had France or Germany stood in the place of Portugal, would have been made with as much promptness and friendliness as attended the fixing of our western frontier in South Africa with Germany.

But in the case of Portugal there seems to be almost no hope of a reasonable settlement. We framed a Convention last August which was entirely favourable to Portuguese claims everywhere where Portugal could show existing or historic rights, or even a strong sentiment. It was known that the frontier delimitations in this treaty would not be entirely satisfactory to South Africa, but this consideration gave way before a desire to bring the Anglo-Portuguese conflict to a close, and to present the Portuguese Ministry with terms which they might justly expect the Cortes to accept. This Convention was rejected by the Portuguese Parliament, or rather it was not satisfied by the date agreed upon. Consequently it became null and void, and Lord Salisbury warned the Portuguese Government that Great Britain would not be bound by its stipulations.

Therefore, the South African Company no longer held its hand, but in September last treated with the native independent Chief of Manica. In November, to prevent further conflicts and disputes which might occur on debatable ground, Great Britain and Portugal concluded a *modus vivendi* to last for six months, at the end of which period each Power should be free to reconsider its position. Consequently some time during the coming spring the whole question of the Anglo-Portuguese boundary in East Africa will have to be gone into again, and it will be then that Lord Salisbury may find himself unable, in face of South African opinion, to yield to the Portuguese that corner of the Manica plateau which was cut off from the sphere of British influence by the Convention of August 20th. In other respects the British Government is anxious to deal gently with Portugal, and not to make that excitable little country (whose entire population is just equal to that of London) suffer unduly for its petulant rejection of the favourable settlement offered to it last summer. That this question of Manica is no mere sordid coveting of gold mines* by the South African Company, is shown by the presence of Sir Henry Loch in England. He, it is understood, is strongly opposed to our handing over to a Franco-Portuguese company important strategical positions on the edge of the Central South African plateau.

Let the limit of this table-land be the natural frontier between England and Portugal, south of the Zambesi. Portugal has fortunately shown her hand prematurely. In granting this charter, which transfers the bulk of her trans-Zambesian possessions to the control of a mixed French and Portuguese syndicate, she has sought to drag France into these South African questions, while at the same time she endeavours to close her provinces of South-east Africa to British missionaries, traders, engineers, and capitalists, by either forbidding their enterprise, or confronting it with a powerful monopoly. She closes the rivers to free navigation, and in numerous ways hampers the access from Mashonaland to the sea. All this no doubt she has a right to do within those territories recognised as hers; but this being so, when her interior frontier is in dispute, we are hardly likely to concede all her claims and abandon positions to which we have quite as much right as she has—possibly, a more clearly legitimate claim.

* As a matter of fact, the corner of the plateau in dispute is poor in gold.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE Ministerial crisis in Italy has come as a surprise upon Europe. Our columns, indeed, last week contained a letter from Signor Bonghi, which indicated that a collapse was at hand. Difficulties were crowding so thickly upon the Ministry that Signor Crispi, who the week before had allowed his temper to fail him on the Electoral Reform Bill, lost it altogether last Saturday, and insulted the memory of the Minghetti Ministry in a way that was too much for the patience or self-restraint of the Right. They were, indeed, perhaps already predisposed to take offence by his neglect of their claim to representation in the impending reconstruction of the Cabinet. The storm broke at once. After a demonstration which was violent even for Italy, and in which Signor Crispi was deserted dramatically by one of his own colleagues, a vote of confidence was refused by 186 to 123. English criticism, with strange superficiality, has treated the whole business as a mere outbreak of temper on both sides. Signor Bonghi's letter in our issue last week made it clear that there were three or four rocks ahead, on any one of which the heterogeneous majority, "large rather than reliable or compact," was extremely likely to go to pieces. The Budget statement the week before had been received with the utmost coldness. The Electoral Reform Bill, called by Signor Crispi the death-warrant of the newly elected Chamber, had nevertheless been accorded urgency. The Provincial Administration Bill would have given the Ministry a free hand in rearranging local administration, and thereby exciting local jealousies in a country whose whole history—at least, till quite recently—has tended to keep them alive. The economies in the Army and in public works, desired in the abstract, were each certain to annoy some section of the public, especially Government employés and contractors, present or expectant, and all their friends and relations. Last, not least, the proximate cause of the explosion—the "catenaccio" law imposing a fresh duty on spirits, nominally only till May 31st, but with the avowed intention of its renewal—subjected the distilling industry and the industrial consumption of spirits to that peculiarly annoying interference and uncertainty which is produced by an indirect tax that is also provisional. Moreover, both this law and the proposed "readjustments" of taxation on such necessities as salt and petroleum, were flagrant violations of the pledges against fresh taxation given during the electoral campaign not only by Signor Crispi at Turin and elsewhere, but by the chiefs of all the fractions that composed his majority, including two members of the old Right, the Marchese di Rudini and Signor Luzzatti, both of whom took a leading part in precipitating this present crisis. How, indeed—especially in the face of the serious distress in North Italy—could they have met their constituents without some such protest as this?

Signor Crispi may of course simply mean to "lie low" to prove that he is indispensable, and to return stronger than ever. His follower, Signor Zanardelli, has refused to supplant him, and urged the King to recall him to power; and though as we go to press a Coalition Ministry, drawn mainly from the Right, is announced as probable, it is just possible that the next move may be merely one of the fresh rearrangements so familiar of late years in Italian politics. But now that Crispi has fallen, attempts are being made to reorganise Italian parties, if possible, on the old lines—in any case, on a doctrinal basis rather than a personal. The result may probably be to give increased stability to parliamentary government in Italy. The French papers, of course, say that Signor Crispi's overthrow has produced a sense of relief throughout Europe second only to that which followed the fall of Prince Bismarck. At any rate, the Italian Funds felt the relief, and rose at once. The effect on the Triple Alliance next year is as yet beyond prophecy. The King, at any rate, has exhibited the utmost anxiety to make it clear to the Cabinets of Berlin and Vienna that no change is to take place in the foreign policy of Italy. But how long is Italy to exhaust herself to confer a dubious benefit on Europe?

The Republican rising in Portugal last Friday has been represented as a mere outbreak of discontent on the part of a few non-commissioned officers in garrison at Oporto. The measures taken by the Government indicate that this view is hardly tenable. Suspension of *habeas corpus*, domiciliary visits, wholesale suppression of Republican newspapers—with only one exception—and trials by court-martial, indicate that the Government is doing its best to crush out any future rising in advance. It is reported too that an attempt had been made to secure a mutiny in the Navy, and that at Lisbon, Coimbra, Vigo, and Braga—and perhaps elsewhere—preparations had been made for an outbreak for which the success of that at Oporto was to give the signal; and even that the Spanish Republicans knew of the movement, and were prepared, had the event permitted, to proclaim the Iberian Republic. If so, it is a pity the rising coincided so nearly with the Spanish general elections. Many prominent Portuguese Republicans, indeed, stood apart from the movement. Still there can be no doubt that the situation is grave. According to a letter published in the *Times'* City article on Wednesday, Portuguese Treasury Bills, bearing high interest, are being "hawked about" among English financial houses without finding a purchaser; and the proportion of the National Debt per head of population is not far from double that which exists in Italy, which, in all conscience, is heavily burdened enough. Again, the policy of "developing the national resources," pursued by past Governments, has been merely a euphemism for the creation of monopolies and the perpetration of jobs. The last Ministry perpetrated a job of another kind on a truly Transatlantic scale, but on the principle that the spoils of office are the consolation of the vanquished; there is an ever-increasing deficit; and upon all this comes a not unnatural irritation of national feeling by the events in Africa, and an increased expenditure on war material which cannot but be useless. Then, too, there is the example successfully set by Brazil. The very meagreness of the preparations made for the revolt at Oporto indicates that the Revolutionists expected (not without reason) that it would be easy to ensure a general explosion.

The first Parliamentary elections in Spain under universal suffrage have resulted in a very decided victory for the Government. The Liberals of various shades frittered away their strength, as was predicted, in fruitless divisions, and so lost even the seats, in Madrid for instance, which they might have secured through the representation of minorities. Seven Carlists were returned; but the Socialists, on the other hand, made a very poor show at the polls—Spanish Socialism being apparently of one or other of the militant "abstentionist" and "anti-possibilist" types—and did not secure a single seat, while in the country districts the unsparing exercise of pressure by the officials and the priesthood, and the traditional submissiveness of the populace, have combined with the recent Protectionist decrees of the Government to secure the return of the Ministerial candidates. Half the electors, however, abstained. Universal suffrage here, as elsewhere on the Continent, is in fact the preliminary to political activity rather than its result. The Republicans of all shades have secured a very decided success, relatively to that of the Opposition as a whole. Still three-fourths of the seats have been secured by the Government, and the Protectionist character of the Chamber is even more strongly marked. The numbers are given as—289 Ministerialists, 95 Liberals following Signor Sagasta, 25 Liberals of other types, 27 Republicans, 7 Carlists. The Republicans, however, had hoped to gain 40 seats. But the Republican vote has considerably surpassed the official calculations.